

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

SHALL we ever again be able to preach the Pauline theology? The doctrine of Justification by Faith, for example. Has any one preached on Justification by Faith since the war began?

We may as well ask, Shall we ever again be able to preach? For we cannot preach religion without preaching theology. Theology *is* religion preached.

But we must preach theology with adaptation. We shall never again preach the theology of St. Paul as our fathers preached it. We must adapt it to our own generation. We may even have to be careful about the word 'Theology.' Professor William MORGAN, writing a book on what we used to call the 'Theology of St. Paul,' adds the word 'Religion,' and makes his title read *The Religion and Theology of Paul* (T. & T. Clark; 7s. 6d. net). For the theology that is only speculation about religion is dead. We must preach a living theology, a theology that is the preaching of religion.

And in adapting the preaching of the Pauline theology to our own time we must make ourselves acquainted with such discoveries as have been made in it. Justification by Faith was itself a discovery in Luther's day; and Professor MORGAN believes that it has vitality and significance still.

But the discovery of our day is the discovery of Pauline Mysticism.

How did our fathers speak about indwelling—the indwelling of the believer in Christ, or the indwelling of Christ in the believer? Never mind how they spoke about it. We, adapting the Pauline ideas about indwelling to our own day, speak about the Apostle's mysticism. The word not only catches on but carries with it all the truth. And if we were preaching a single sermon on St. Paul's mysticism we should find the three divisions ready to our hand. For there were three expressions, not two only, which St. Paul used to convey his conception of this mystical union—first, the believer in Christ; next, Christ in the believer; and thirdly, fellowship with Christ in His death and resurrection.

Professor MORGAN explains all three expressions, and with most welcome lucidity. But first of all he tells us what Mysticism is.

Like poetry, he says, Mysticism is hard to define. But 'we may take it that the goal which in all ages it has set before itself is union with God.' Now that is no definition as it stands. For all living religion strives after union with God. And if it is a religion that moves in ethical and personal relations, the union is understood to take

place in thought, feeling, and will. To be in union with God is to think God's thoughts, to love and hate what God loves and hates, to act as God acts. What is it that makes such a religion mystical?

It is this. The mystic regards the ethical and personal union as only preliminary to something deeper and more intimate. He 'contemplates God's eternal being as the real substance of his own soul, and his own upward aspirations and endeavours as the motions of the universal Spirit. In the highest moments of his religious life all personal and moral relations, all "my, mine, and me," are swallowed up in the rapturous consciousness of immediate contact with and absorption in the Deity. It is no longer himself that lives, but God. "If I am to know God directly," says Eckhart, "I must become completely He, and He I."

Is this the mysticism of St. Paul? It is not. St. Paul's mystical union is never with God; it is always with Christ. The idea of God as in the believer, or as the element of his life, 'hardly emerges.' You may say that, for St. Paul, Christ is equivalent to God. So He is. Nevertheless it is with Christ and not with God that St. Paul comes into mystical union. It is his soul and Christ that are no longer distinguishable. It is 'Christ in you' that is the 'hope of glory.' It is the man who is 'in Christ' that is 'a new creature.' It is fellowship with Christ in His death and resurrection (not predicable of God) that is the most original and the most fruitful of all the Pauline thoughts about mysticism.

The teachers of mankind are somewhat sharply divided at present into two classes, the worldly and the other-worldly. These words may both be used offensively. But they need not be. There are those who, without being absorbed with fashion and frivolity, believe that the object of all earnest endeavour should be the betterment of the con-

ditions of life here and now. And there are those who, without being indifferent to 'the social problem,' believe that the supreme effort should be directed towards making men partakers of the life eternal.

This difference of aim has become acute. It is openly and for the most part violently expressed, and that in every land. In a book which seems to come from Australia its acuteness is frankly recognized. The title of the book is *Human Ideals* (Fisher Unwin; 6s. net).

The author of the book, Mr. Frederick A. M. SPENCER, M.A., does not appear to have any professional interest in religion. The greater part of the book is occupied with that human ideal which we have called the worldly. He expresses it in this way: 'The evil that afflicts mankind must be exterminated, and the good must be increased. Civilization must be improved, and a better race evolved. All human effort is to be concentrated on producing an ever greater and nobler humanity. There is the satisfaction of thinking that our labours will bear fruit after we are dead, even perhaps in increasing measure into an indefinite future.'

But he is not satisfied with that ideal. He asks two questions of its advocates. 'What of the individual souls who pass away? And what satisfactory goal lies ahead of all this progress?' These two questions he leaves unanswered. He believes that they are unanswerable. Only the occasional and abnormal mind is satisfied, as was George Eliot's, with the immortality of those 'who live again in minds made better by their presence.' It is doubtful if any mind is content to sacrifice itself for a future of purely material prosperity.

But neither does Mr. SPENCER accept the other-worldly ideal. This is how he expresses it. 'Happiness will be found in a state of being which souls reach through death. A lifetime in the

visible world is an individual's period of preparation for unending life in an unseen world. Pure and right living and the true faith in God are alone needed. All else—such as sufficiency of material goods, health, intellect, friendship, beauty—are really of no account; and the desire for even the normal constituents of earthly happiness is apt to distract from the one aim.'

What answer does he give to that? He gives two answers. The first is that human society must become moral. It is not enough, he says, that one soul here and one there should be united to God, and, growing in the Divine life, should show themselves to be just and merciful as God is. We must secure the salvation of mankind. We must spend ourselves in the effort to make humanity as a whole bring forth the fruits of the Spirit.

Now, 'so long as there is poverty side by side with riches, so long as there are disease and pain and misery which might be remedied but are not, so long as circumstances are heedlessly allowed to narrow and stunt human lives, so long will society remain unfit for the Spirit of God.' 'We must secure that, if there is sufficient wealth, all families of honest people have enough of good food and healthy houses and decent clothes, that all have, so far as man can provide, large opportunity for science and literature and art, that there be no false dignity to mark off one human being from another, that the various positions and occupations shall be open to all according to abilities, and there be free intercourse and fellowship throughout the community. We have to constitute society through and through on the principle of loving our fellow-men as ourselves, so that mankind may progress towards immortality.'

The second answer is that 'a wide and rich development of mental life is required for the full development of spiritual life. We cannot allow man's innate longing for truth and beauty to be repressed in the name of a puritanical theory of

salvation. But great mental activity requires a certain standard of bodily health and vigour. Hence the necessity for that social progress which promotes the development of both minds and bodies. For they are to become the organs and instruments of spiritual life, which is the beginning of life eternal.'

'It is only through combining these two theories and methods of the evolution of man that justice is done to either. Let us boldly grasp the truth that the future of the race is the future of the individual. Death does not separate one from the other. The soul has to evolve, since it will live again in an evolved mankind. Mankind has to evolve, since it will comprise the evolved soul.'

What is the difference between the progress of civilization and the coming of the Kingdom? Is there any difference? In all proclamation of the Gospel is it not our object to carry the principles of the Kingdom into every part of social and national life, leavening it thereby till the whole lump is leavened? And when the whole lump is leavened, can we not say that the Kingdom of God has come?

No, says Canon GOUDGE. That is not how the Kingdom of God is to come. If the Kingdom of God were to come in that way, this war and the savagery attendant on it would be inexplicable. For if the Kingdom of God were to come by the slow and steady leavening of the meal of human society, such a war as this, or any war, would be a direct defiance of God's will and purpose. And it seems to Canon GOUDGE that to set this war directly against the will of God and make it wholly evil, is to deny to God the sovereignty of the world, and to make it quite impossible to believe that all things work together for good to them that love Him.

Canon GOUDGE does not deny that the Kingdom of God comes by a process of gradual ameliora-

tion. He denies that it comes by that alone. He has been studying the Apocalypse. He turns, as he thinks all Christians will turn to-day, with special interest to the Apocalypse. For events have happened, and continue to happen, which suggest serious questions as to the character and rule of God. And to these questions the Apocalypse, of all the books of the Bible, is the one most likely to furnish an answer.

Now, when he turns to the Apocalypse, what Canon GOUDGE finds is that the Kingdom of God is to come by judgment. He does not find that it is to come by judgment only. The Apocalypse does not stay the advancing tide of enlightenment. But its uppermost thought is the thought of judgment. And not of one judgment only, but of judgment after judgment, right up to the last judgment of all.

That is why Canon GOUDGE finds the study of the Apocalypse profitable to-day. And that is why he has published his pamphlet on *The Apocalypse and the Present Age* (S.P.C.K.; 3d. net). If we think that the Kingdom is to come only by the spread of Christian civilization, we have no doctrine or device by which to account for this war. We turn upon the Church. Is this all that the Ministry of the Word and Sacraments has done for the world in nineteen hundred years? We turn upon Christ Himself. Is this all that He has been able to accomplish with all the power that was given to Him in heaven and in earth?

A recent writer spoke of the names of Jesus in the New Testament and said that one of them was 'Lord of Hosts.' He blundered better than he knew. Jesus is Lord of Hosts also. He moves through the world by steady progress, by the evolution of Christian culture, where we will move with Him. Where we will not, He moves by judgment. And when judgment takes the form of war, even such a war as this, He sees to it that the experiences through which men pass shall form character for eternity. For His purpose is greater

than to 'build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land.' It is to build a Jerusalem that shall be both of this world and of that which is to come, a Jerusalem which shall be always coming down out of heaven and always returning thither again.

Let no one say his struggle naught availeth :

'All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist ;

Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good, nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist.

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

But it survives there as well as here—there ready to come down. Eternity will affirm it, because eternity affirms it already :

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;

Enough that He heard it once : we shall hear it by-and-by.'

When the editor of this journal was invited to undertake the editorship of a new Dictionary of the Bible he went to Oxford and Cambridge to consult the leading scholars there. For he knew that unless Sanday and Driver, Swete and Ryle, approved, and were willing to become contributors, it would be his duty to decline the invitation. Dr. Driver approved, and offered not only to become a contributor but to read all the Old Testament articles. Dr. Sanday hesitated.

Proceeding, to Cambridge, not quite sure that he had not better proceed home, the editor was met most unexpectedly by Professor Ryle. Dr.

Sanday had sent him a telegram, telling him to get the best of the Cambridge men to become contributors to the proposed Dictionary, and to undertake some of the work himself. A letter followed. Dr. Sanday had hesitated because the most promising of the younger men in Oxford were engaged in research work under his direction, and he feared that this other work would occupy too much of their time and interest. He now saw that it was his duty as it was his pleasure to encourage the undertaking. He offered to write the article 'Jesus Christ.'

That was the Oxford surprise. The Cambridge surprise followed immediately after. Professor Ryle (we speak, of course, of the now Dean of Westminster) gave priceless advice regarding men. As he passed from name to name he came upon the name of Professor Gwatkin.

Everybody in Cambridge knew that when Dr. Creighton was elected to the Dixie Chair of Ecclesiastical History, Dr. Gwatkin was greatly disappointed. But the story of his most magnanimous behaviour was not well known until the life of Dr. Creighton was published many years after. Meantime, however, Dr. Creighton had been made a bishop, and no one had contested Dr. Gwatkin's claim to the Chair. When Professor Ryle came to his name, he said, 'You need not trouble with Gwatkin; he is occupied with a book and will not work for you.' He had declined to contribute to the *Cambridge Companion to the Bible*.

He was called upon, however. Not with the expectation of his undertaking any articles for the Dictionary. But he might give advice. And in any case he was a man to be consulted.

His study was half occupied with theology and half with something scientific, which he afterwards showed to be snails! A kettle was boiling vigorously on a side-table. He came in, and the plan of the new Dictionary was explained to him.

'Go on,' he said, 'it's most interesting—but stay till I smother that noisy fellow in the corner.' 'Well, what do you want me to do?' He was wanted to write all the articles on the Christian Ministry. He undertook them all, and wrote them. Every article was sent up to time, and every article was a Dictionary model—full, concise, accurate, and expressed in faultless English.

Nor did Dr. GWATKIN ever refuse to do any work that he was afterwards invited to do. He wrote some articles for the *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*—'Persecution,' 'Protestantism,' 'Reformation,'—great articles, articles which no one but he could have written. The last was finished and despatched a fortnight before his death.

He died on the 14th of November 1916, his death being due to a motor accident.

Among Professor GWATKIN's contributions to literature is a volume of sermons, in the 'Scholar as Preacher' series, entitled *The Eye for Spiritual Things*. He had prepared another volume which, under the care of his widow, has just been issued in the same series. Its title is *The Sacrifice of Thankfulness* (T. & T. Clark; 4s. 6d. net). All that has here been said is intended as introduction to that volume.

For Dr. GWATKIN was all his life a surprise, and every work he published was a surprise. How many men there must have been to whom the Gifford Lectures on *The Knowledge of God* came as one of the most thankful surprises of their life. He was always doing the impossible thing, from the time that he took four Triposes—Mathematics, Classics, Moral Sciences, and Theology, and won a First Class in every one of them—to the time when he wrote the surprising sermons which fill this volume.

The sermons are very short—an average of six pages each. Yet they say all that has to be said

on their subject, and not only engage but imprison the attention. For all is amazingly fresh, and not a word is added or out of place.

The first sermon gives the book its title—'Thankfulness the True Sacrifice.' The text is Rom. 12¹: 'I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.' The first sentence is such an arresting statement as the first sentence of a sermon should always be: 'Even the visions of St. John scarcely look so far into the glorious future as the Epistle to the Romans which is now before us.' And it is true—as the first sentence must always be, else it had better not be arresting. Then the preacher proceeds.

'The verse I have read is St. Paul's conclusion from a vast review of the history of mankind from first to last. Through the hollow splendour of the world of failure round him the Apostle's keen eyes glance backward to the old sin which had been the ruin of human life, then forward to the time beyond time when there shall be no more sin and death, but the whole creation shall share in the glorious liberty of the children of God. Even the stubborn unbelief of Israel shall one day be made to help His glorious purpose of having mercy on all men. Then bursts out a song of triumph: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! . . . I beseech you *therefore*, brethren, by God's compassions,—by all the tender mercies he has shown to them of old, and by the mighty salvation he has raised up now for us and all men,—that ye offer your bodies, by means of which all your works are done, both good and bad, as a living sacrifice,—living, and therefore holy and well-pleasing to God,—for just this is the worship reasonably to be expected from men redeemed like you."

He draws attention to 'one striking phrase.' What is 'a living sacrifice'? 'Our first idea of

sacrifice is the killing of victims; and, in fact, the Jewish temple was a great slaughter-house of sheep and oxen, and the smoke of the offerings for sin went up to heaven continually from the altar of burnt-offering. It was more like a butcher's shop than a church. But if these sacrifices for sin were the most conspicuous of the offerings, there were others also where no blood was shed. These were not offerings for sin, and could not be, for without shedding of blood is no remission; so that they were offerings of thanksgiving. Therefore a living sacrifice is a sacrifice of thanksgiving.'

'As everything turns on this, I will give you another proof of it. Whatever might be the meaning of the Jewish sacrifices, it came to an end when the veil of the temple was rent in twain. The gospel knows of only one offering for sin—the full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice for the sin of the whole world which our Lord has offered once for all. We have no altar but the cross of Christ, no sacrifice for sin but the one true sacrifice on Golgotha. Thus there are no sacrifices left for sinners like us to offer but the spiritual sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving; but the Lord has made all of us priests to offer these.'

'It follows that the Christian life is essentially a life of thanksgiving. True, it is a sacrifice. We have to offer ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be used and consumed according to our Father's loving will. Not our way but His, whether He lift us to the throne or on the cross. Be this world's trials what they may, we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. Be our sins and failures what they may, we are not to brood over them with morbid remorse, but to thank God and take courage, and go forward in the spirit of hope. Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.'

So 'Christian life is not the melancholy thing which men so often make it. The gifts of God

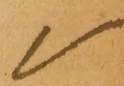
are not mere traps to catch us in. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," are commandments of men, which have indeed a show of wisdom and humility, but are of no value at all to check the carnal nature. All things are ours, if we are Christ's. All things are given us for enjoyment, if only they are sanctified with prayer and thanksgiving. We are not called to any sort or kind of abstinence or fasting, except from murmuring and sin. Every pleasure we can find in life is freely ours, if only we can be truly thankful for it to our Heavenly Father.'

Is not this a surprise of preaching? Again we say that a preaching surprise which is only a surprise is less than nothing. But this is a surprise of truth. It is the teaching of St. Paul. 'There were Colossians and Ephesians in his time who thought it dangerous, and some will think so still. Must we not have laws and rules to tell us what is right and wrong, and act according to them? I answer that laws and rules have their use, but that we shall not find it out unless we set the spirit of thankfulness above them. Pharisees of all ages have tried another way of working laws and rules; and we know what it comes to. But by thankfulness I do not mean the Pharisee's thankfulness, that he is not as other men, or even as this publican. Nor do I mean the swindler's thankfulness: "Blessed be the Lord, for I am rich, and perhaps very charitable with my ill-gotten wealth." Words like these are mere selfishness, however they may sound like words of thankfulness. True thankfulness is from heaven, heavenly. It lights our souls with righteousness and peace and joy, and fills our hearts with love of God and of the sons of God for whom Christ's blood was shed.'

And it is truth that is as good as it is true. For 'consider what a guide of life this is. They know little of their own hearts or of the mind of Christ who look to laws and rules as their highest guide. The spirit of thankfulness is the sword of

God dividing right and wrong. Laws and rules may guide our outward actions, or more likely they will not even do that; but the spirit of thankfulness is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. If you have any doubt of the matter, try it for yourself. Take something which you know to be wrong, or something which you are making believe to be right; some unfair advantage over your neighbour, or something which is doing him harm; or something which is doing yourself harm in body or soul; or, if you like, something which is perfectly innocent, except that you are too fond of it. Take one of these, and try if you can receive it as God's gift, and truly thank Him for it. You will very soon find out that thankfulness is a test which searches far beyond the reach of laws and rules. Of course it is possible for you to deal deceitfully; but if you are indeed thankful, the rest of your duty will take care of itself. How can a man be anything else than pure and true and loving so long as his heart is overflowing with thankfulness for the gift of life in Christ?

'This, then, is the Christian life. It is a sacrifice as wholly devoted to God as any burnt-offering; but it is the living sacrifice of thanksgiving. This is the true communion with God. There was always something of wrath and torment in those lower sacrifices for sin which witness to our broken peace; but this is the sacrifice of perfect love, the sacrifice which is holy and well-pleasing to God. It is the Lord who humbled Himself to offer sacrifice for sin; and our work is to rejoice and be thankful for it evermore. Even the Jewish rabbis could rise above their beggarly elements when they said, All sacrifice has an end in the world to come, but the sacrifice of thanksgiving has no end. This is the proper sacrifice of the Church triumphant; and the meanest of us here is called of God to offer it along with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven. It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times and in all places give thanks to God through Jesus Christ our Lord.'



Henry Melvill Gwatkin.

BY THE REV. H. BISSEKER, M.A., LONDON.

THE first principle of giving,' Professor Gwatkin once said, 'is that you give yourself.' His own life formed an exposition of the truth he expressed. By means of the noble powers with which he was endowed he made himself the servant of his generation. He asked for no honours in return: his rare gifts of mind and heart seem always to have been viewed by him not as an instrument of personal self-advancement, but as a trust to be diligently administered in the interest of his fellows. Therefore with lifelong industry and with lavish generosity he 'gave himself' to others—to his pupils, his readers, his fellow-workers in Church and University, and, through all and in all, to the Lord whom he fervently revered. I place this chivalrous self-giving first, for I believe that it furnishes a master-key both to his character and to his long and eminent career.

There have probably been few scholars of the present day whose death could have provoked so deep a sense of loss. His own pupils have always been enthusiastic in their admiration for him. It would be possible to number by hundreds the men and women who look to him as the greatest and most inspiring of all their teachers, and in whose intellectual and spiritual development his influence marks nothing less than an epoch. It is not easy to analyze the spell which he cast over us. It was, I think, explained in part by the virile independence of his thought. He was supremely a lover of truth. He delighted in playful epigrams concerning those who denied his own most cherished convictions, but in all that he said to us there was a noticeable absence of special pleading. The goal of every investigation was Fact, and wherever the facts led him he was resolutely determined to follow. The influence of this uncompromising fidelity to truth was increased by the authority of his profound and extensive learning. Most scholars, even though men of wide and careful reading, can furnish a specialist's treatment in only one, or at the most two, of the different branches of knowledge: Professor Gwatkin was an expert in at least three. I remember an interesting illustration of this fact, which, for the light it sheds on the wide range of his appeal, is perhaps worthy of preservation.

During the long vacation which followed the publication of *The Knowledge of God*, I had taken the book away with me to read on my holiday. I was travelling that year with an able 'science' man, and one Sunday afternoon he happened to pick up the first volume and quickly became engrossed in it. 'That is a remarkable book,' he said, when he returned the volume to me. 'All the theologians I have read before, when they discuss Natural Science, betray the fact that they possess a merely external view of the questions under deliberation. This man writes *from the inside*: he really knows the subject.' It is not surprising that one who could treat so many departments of knowledge with the sure touch of the specialist, should command in an unusual degree the confidence of those who looked to him for guidance. For men who were theological students there was, if I read his influence aright, a third element in his singular power of attraction: all his thinking—in the language of the theologians—was Christo-centric. I have spoken of his unflinching devotion to the truth; but, for him, the truth was a Person. In his view Christ was the Inspirer of all knowledge and the pivot of all history. 'There was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man coming into the world'; 'And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us'; 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life'—I believe that his whole conception of human life and history could be summed up in these brief sayings from the gospel with the fundamental ideas of which his own thought had so much in common. His sure grasp of Christ unified all his teaching, and the radiant impression he conveyed that in Him he had found the satisfying solution of every problem lent to his message a strength of conviction which was scarcely less than prophetic.

To some of us, already enriched by the inspiration of his teaching, he gave also the rare privilege of his friendship. We then made a new discovery—the Professor Gwatkin of his own home, sitting on his favourite low stool by the fire and fondling his handsome 'Puss,' who, of a proud Persian breed, appeared to consider that the process

afforded her master at least as much distinction as he conferred. Hitherto we had honoured him as a scholar: now we experienced the charm of his fine human qualities—his quiet strength, his genial courtesy, his delightful humour, his constant affection, his freedom from self-seeking and the greatness of his simplicity. If strangers desire to understand the singular beauty of his character, let them read his letter of May 18th, 1884, to Professor Creighton, written on the Oxford scholar's selection for the Chair to which he had every reason to expect that he himself would have been appointed (*Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton*, i. 245). The chivalrous relations existing between Darwin and Wallace have long been remembered to their mutual honour: the generous spirit of this letter, substantiated as it was by Professor Gwatkin's loyal support of Creighton through the years that followed, is not unworthy to be associated with that classic example of magnanimity. And this spirit represents the characteristic attitude of Professor Gwatkin's life. The liberality with which he devoted both interest and leisure not only to scholars of his own age, but also to the work of younger students, has made upon some of our minds an impression which will never be effaced. Assiduously engaged on undertakings of the first importance, he never seemed too busy to give us counsel and direction. Long talks by the fireside in his library are among the memories of Cambridge to which the present writer looks back with the deepest and most lasting gratitude. There, surrounded by his magnificent collection of books and with 'the beasts' safely reclining in their cabinet against the opposite wall, he would freely pour forth, for the benefit of one young learner, ideas so rich in their suggestiveness and so finished in their expression that, had they been taken down and published, they would have furnished volumes destined to guide and stimulate thousands of grateful readers. It was in intercourse of this kind, so generously granted to us in the midst of his busy days, that we came to know the man himself, and to our earlier admiration we learnt to add a reverent affection.

Something still remains to be said if our impression is to be even relatively complete. Not even his own illuminating thought formed Professor

Gwatkin's most important contribution to our life. Contact with a great thinker does more than enlarge men's knowledge: it transforms their outlook. To be brought into touch—especially to be brought into close touch—with Mr. Gwatkin's personality gave us new ideals. It widened our vision. It revealed to us the immensity of the field of knowledge, provoking humility and inspiring reverence. Never had we ourselves appeared so ignorant: never had the search for truth appeared so daring. And yet the self-same influence which taught us wise restraint proved also our most powerful stimulus. For, as many have found to their permanent enrichment, his unwavering passion for truth was strongly contagious. Chastened by the knowledge of our own insignificance, our hopes were none the less rekindled by the vision he had shown us. If we could achieve but little, it might be our best, and, in the divine ordering of the universe, the lowliest service to truth, wrought in sincerity, would have its appointed place. If the function of a teacher is to inspire in his pupils a sense of the vastness of Truth, a recognition of its high and exacting demands, and, along with these, a purpose, at once humble and aspiring, loyally devoted to its service, Professor Gwatkin occupies an unassailable position among the greatest teachers of his generation.

The qualities which so deeply impressed his students have given him a much more extended influence. For, though he belonged in a special sense to Cambridge, through his published writings he belongs also to the wider world outside. Compared with that of some authors, his literary output was small. But each of his books is an acknowledged masterpiece in its subject. His work is marked by the rare quality of creativeness. Most books embody an echo: in his we detect one of the comparatively few original voices of his day. And since his message could command the medium of an almost faultless style, there is confident reason for believing that his influence as a teacher will live. His thought has become a part of the Church's permanent possession, and, through the lips of those who consciously or unconsciously have learned from him, in numberless pulpits and lecture-rooms of the world he, though dead, will still be speaking.

God the Invisible King.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK J. RAE, M.A., ABERDEEN.

THE publication of this book¹ is an interesting and significant event. It is not an event of the first importance at all, but interesting and significant. Interesting—because Mr. Wells has not been a conspicuously religious figure, and now he is nothing if not warmly and even passionately religious. And significant—because here is a clever and thoughtful and wideawake literary man who in the midst of the great war and because of it has found God. God sometimes speaks by strange and unusual voices. And I feel convinced that there is a real message in this book for us in the Christian Church.

The glimpses we got in a previous book, *Mr. Britling sees it through*, of the way in which Mr. Britling came to his faith in God were promising; and when it was announced that the author was writing a whole book to expound his new religious experience it was expected with impatience. Not for years have I opened a book with more eager anticipation, and I think only once in my life have I found a book at the first blush so disappointing. The thinking in it is of the thinnest kind. It is full of contradictions and of positions that demolish each other. Its theology is that of a mere beginner. It is full of ignorant misrepresentations. And, worst of all, its spirit is not very different from that of the old secularist societies who published cartoons of the most sacred Christian beliefs in order to bring them into ridicule. Mr. Wells cannot discuss Christian doctrines with dignity or fairness. He employs vulgar Billingsgate as his favourite weapon.

Why discuss the book then? Because with all this there is a real message in it and a real experience; because the writer is in earnest; because he has a testimony to utter; and because the big fact he has got hold of is something for us to think about. I will try first to get at the heart of his testimony that we may see what the book contains of value. And then I will venture on one or two comments.

EXPOSITION.

The God whom the writer has found is a finite God. There is Another, the unknown, out of

¹ *God the Invisible King*, by H. G. Wells (Cassell; 6s. net).

whom all things have come. Mr. Wells calls Him the 'Veiled Being.' He is the Creator, but we know nothing about Him. The God of our knowledge is a Redeemer; He is a God in our hearts. He is neither all wise nor all powerful nor omnipresent. But He is a Person, a God of salvation, loving and lovable, inspiring, existing in every human soul. He is within us. He is our Captain. He is boundless love, boundless courage, boundless generosity. He is our Friend and brother and the light of the world. He fights against the evil in the world. He struggles with us against it. He is near us and sympathizes with us. He had a beginning, but He will have no end. He grows with the growth of humanity. He is the best in all of us. He is love, yet an austere love, a love that does not 'coddle' us but asks the hardest things, sacrifice, even death. We cannot use Him as Christians use their God. He uses us. We have to give up all to God to be used. He will tolerate no rivals. His authority is absolute—so much so that we must give up putting the heads of kings on our coins and postage stamps, and put His instead. [How, Mr. Wells does not explain.] He is not meek like Christ. He is a fighter, a militant God.

How this loving, helping, human God is to be found and known is an important point. There is only one way. He is never found by logic or argument. The real believer never argues, he testifies. God is found directly in experience. Listen for Him in the silence and you will inevitably hear Him. To find Him is conversion. It is a discovery. The usual process is, first distress and then discovery. The cardinal experience is an immediate sense of God and absolute certainty which nothing can shake. You not only know God's reality thus by an immediate perception, but you know His will in the same way. As soon as you know Him you know His purposes. No argument is needed or possible.

Religion, then, is the recognition of God, and of His authority and claims. It is the turning away from self, the discovery that the goodness I thought was in me is really above me. It is no longer that I choose to give time and pains to the service of

others, but that I have come under a divine imperative. 'I am a humble and willing servant of the righteousness of God.' If only all sincere men would see it, what is meant by duty and service is just God. 'Without God the service of man is no more than a hobby or a sentimentality or an hypocrisy.'

The world is to be a theocracy, a government by God directly in all spheres. Religion is bringing every department of life—public and private—under the will of God and recognizing Him as the invisible King. God takes all—our life, our possessions, our energy, and those of the state and of the whole world. He is King.

And what does He do for us? He gives salvation from self. He leads us through a dark jungle to a great conquest. He gives happiness and victory over sin, and a free and splendid life.

Salvation is a great word of this religion. It is salvation from sin, from fear, from all weakness. It is got by repentance and faith. And it is immediate. 'Believe, and you are saved,' Mr. Wells says. Sin cannot damn a man who has found God. . . . The moment you truly repent and set yourself to such atonement and reparation as is possible, there remains no barrier between you and God. 'Though you sin seventy times seven times God will still forgive the poor rest of you. . . . A man with the light of God in his heart can defeat vicious habits, rise again combative and undaunted after a hundred falls.' Only 'blindness of the spirit can shut a man off from God.' 'If you but lift up your heart for a moment out of the chaos of madness and cry to him, God is there, God will not fail you.'

How is this religion to be maintained and propagated? Every believer is to be an apostle. No Church is necessary. Indeed, the Church and Sacraments have been the disease of Christianity. And yet there is no objection to an association of believers. By all means have an organization under God. It may help you to 'shout out' about God, or to work better by working in a gang. Collective action under God may be a good thing. Indeed, there is sure to be a number of associations under the new religion for all kinds of purposes, to shout out about God, to work for God, to make shrines, praying places, temples, retreats, and so on. Men may multiply their use by union.

Such is the substance of what is true in this remarkable book. It is, as the author says, 'a

religious book by a believer.' He claims that it is the religion that modern men and women are coming to believe. Let us consider what it means.

COMMENT.

1. *It is just Christianity.* When we put aside all the book's invective against the Christian doctrine and Church, all its vulgarity, all its misrepresentations and contradictions, and present only its religious message, we can see at once what Mr. Wells has found. He has found Christ. What his book describes is the typical Christian experience. His religion is the religion of Christian experience. The presentation is unconventional and often beautiful and touching. But it is just the gospel, not in its completeness perhaps, but in its essence. His finite God is Christ. What could be finer as a mere statement of the Incarnation than this: 'For the purposes of human relationship it is impossible to deny that God presents Himself as finite, as struggling and taking a part against evil'? A finite God, limited, growing in knowledge, near us, in us, knowing us and sympathizing with us, our saviour, our captain, our leader, a fighter with us against evil—what is this but the Pauline Christ? or, indeed, Christ as He was on earth and promised to be for all time?

And religion as surrender to this Big Brother and Leader, as self-identification with Him, as the achievement of His Kingdom in our hearts and in the world, as forgiveness and help and victory, as the free pardon of the worst sinner, as prayer, as surrender of all to His will—what is all that but a fine picture of the really Christian life and the Christian attitude to Christ and the world?

Even the Church is first kicked and then found to be essential. Even symbols that are first scorned are at length seen to be inevitable.

If Mr. Wells had set out to describe the essential Christian facts he could not have done it better. And he has done it so well because he has experienced them. He has described real Christianity from the inside without knowing it. That is the real value of his book.

This is not made any less significant by his invectives against Christian beliefs. He scorns them, and then quietly describes them as his own belief. For example, he will have nothing to do with the Omnipresence of God. That would make Him infinite. But he says of his God, 'God

is everywhere and immediately accessible to every human being,' and again, 'He is in immediate contact with all who apprehend Him.' I do not want any more omnipresence than that. That is what omnipresence means. He scorns a Church, yet says an association may be useful if it helps men first to shout out about God, and next to work better for the world—just the two reasons, worship and service, for which the Christian Church exists. He abuses the Christian God as a 'bickering monopolist' who will have no other God but Himself, and then says of his God, 'It is plain He can admit no divided control of the world He claims.' He scorns the Christian worshipper for heaping gross praises on his God, but one of the chief uses of his associations that are to replace the Church is to help the new believer to shout out about God. And his own heaped up, repeated, thrilling praises of his God outdo the praises of most Christians. He rejects all symbols, and then says these new associations will erect cathedrals, shrines, and such-like things.

Nor is this book any the less significant because of the constant and grotesque misrepresentations of Christian beliefs and practices in which the book abounds. These are truly amazing. It is obvious that Mr. Wells does not know the Bible at all, and does not know what ordinary Christians believe. The misrepresentations are so gross as sometimes to seem intentional. But this makes the experience he gives as his own all the more powerful a witness to what all Christians believe and have experienced.

Nor does the vulgar abuse of Christianity, and the Church, and Christians take anything from the value of the testimony he utters. You may deem it surprising that I should say such a man has found Christ, a man who throughout his book indulges in abuse that is not only unfair but unspeakably gross, and in statements that can only be described as patent slanders. But there are two things to be said about this.

First, I have often noticed that a convert, even a convert to Christ, is at the outset of his religious life characterized by an extreme intolerance. He is always wanting to set people right and deal with people from whom he thinks he differs. It is a curious fact that sudden and complete conversions are often followed by this kind of uncharitableness. But in Mr. Wells's case there is a second reason. He is clearly in a state of

honest panic lest he should be treated as a brand from the burning, lest the Church should rejoice over this prodigal and fall on his neck. So he proceeds to kick the Church and Christianity and all connected with it to make it quite clear he is no trophy of grace for them. This is the secret of much of the Billingsgate that the book contains. But if one realizes this and puts it aside, the fact that what Mr. Wells has experienced is just the reality of Christ stands out more vividly than before.

2. But secondly, this new religion is just *the old religion without its background, its foundation, and its strength*. What would Christianity be as a gospel without the infinite God in it and behind it? What would the love of Christ be without the greatness of God? An amiable emotion that could do nothing. Mr. Wells's special hatred, special contempt, is the doctrine of the Trinity. But at any rate this doctrine of the Trinity secures the essential divine background for Christianity. Christianity is a power if the infinite God is in it. Without that Christianity is a pleasant amiability. Mr. Wells says his modern religion knows nothing of the Great Being whom he calls the Veiled Being, who is the source of all that is. Even his God does not know much about the Veiled Being. The Veiled Being is the ultimate Reality. And the finite God of Mr. Wells is quite separate from Him. The finite God is within humanity over against this Great Unknown. What kind of theology is that? Is it conceivable that any thinking person will be satisfied with such an absurdity? Mr. Wells pours contempt on the Trinity, but he leaves us with a duality, with two gods, one near us and the other as far away as possible. They are unconnected. Well, a Trinity is far more reasonable than a dualism, because it at least unites the two separated members. It is a real indication of the theological or philosophical calibre of Mr. Wells's mind that he should actually present this dualism to people as his theology.

What Christianity does is to bring these two together—the finite God of Mr. Wells's experience who is Christ, and the Veiled Being who is the infinite Creator and Father. They are One. God is in Christ. Christ is God limited, human, growing in knowledge, within humanity, our Captain. But behind Him and in Him is the eternal, and all Christ's love and pity have the infinite greatness of God as a background, and that is what makes them a gospel for mankind. Mr. Wells's God,

divorced from the infinite and eternal God, is a futile God. He can do nothing. He can lead us nowhere. There is no certainty at all that He can go anywhere. How much Mr. Wells unconsciously feels this is shown by the fact that after rejecting omnipresence and infinity for his God, he makes Him present everywhere, with a vital relation to every soul in all the world. He has to bring this infinite element back in order to get his God to be anything worth our faith. What his experience needs in order to be a real gospel is to take more of the infinite God into it as a background. But then he would be under the necessity of having something like a Trinity. The simple fact is that the God of Mr. Wells's faith and theology is helpless to achieve anything certain.

Mr. Wells has had a vivid experience. It is so real that no one can doubt it. It is, I believe, a Christian experience. All it wants is the Christian theology to make it rational and to make it a message. I hope Mr. Wells will get this. I hope he will not let his terror of being embraced by the clergy prevent him from going a little further into the truth. We really do not want to embrace him. He will probably do far better work for God outside the Church. I hope he will form his association that is not a Church, to help believers like himself to shout out about God (not of course to worship) and work better because in a gang (not of course for Christian service). We will promise solemnly not to fall on his neck or to mention such a thing as a brand.

3. I come back to this cardinal fact that here is a real experience. The book is, as he says himself, 'a religious book by a believer.' What he records is a genuine spiritual vision. And such a faith is never the result of argument or logic. That is what the writer is specially urgent about. He will have nothing whatever to do with such intellectual processes. Listen in the silences, he says, and you will hear God. God is a discovery. I think that statement is one of the hall-marks of a true experience. That alone would show that his faith is a real one. He goes too far in repudiating intellectual process. But the emphasis on direct spiritual vision is the important thing. Here is a man who has found God, a God not to be distinguished from Christ, and who has seen the great truth that in this God is an immediate salvation, that there is welcome for the vilest sinner, that repentance leads to immediate forgiveness and acceptance. And he says: This God is within you. Listen and you will become aware of Him. He is the best that is within you. What you call duty, the ideal, is just God in you. Open your eyes and see Him, and then come and give up all to Him that He may use you and fight with you and on your side against evil and for the Kingdom of righteousness and love. That is Mr. Wells's evangelistic message. It is Paul's and the Church's. And if Mr. Wells brings it home to souls whom neither Paul nor the Church can reach, well we shall all (as Mr. Wells puts it) 'shout out' about God, or in our less ecstatic language we shall bless His Name.

In the Study.

Lot's Wife.

A STUDY IN DETACHMENT.

'But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.'—Gn 19²⁶.

'Remember Lot's wife.'—Lk 17³².

THERE is a strange abruptness about the manner in which Scripture disposes of some events and their consequences. In the case of Lot's wife we have no record beyond these two verses. Not even her name is given, nor are we told of her first entrance into the sacred narrative. Yet, brief as the record is, it contains some important lessons.

There are people, no doubt, who scoff at the idea of learning anything from it, because, they say, those old Bible stories are not history and cannot be depended upon as having ever really happened. But 'The Prodigal Son' is not history. And it was He who told us that story of 'The Prodigal Son,' who also recalled that older story of 'Lot's wife,' and told men to 'remember' that also. And if He bade men remember it, it must be worth remembering.

As to the matter of its being true, the real trouble is that it is too true. There come to all of us crises in which we have to make an instant choice

between evil and good, between that which is sensuous and temporary and that which is spiritual and eternal; and our choice is our doom, our judgment. By every such decision we betray our ruling aim, and adjudge ourselves worthy or unworthy of eternal life.

¶ Mrs. Oliphant describes the great crisis in the life of Dr. Chalmers. 'Amid all his studies and works the young minister had scarcely claimed, even to himself, to be a religious man, or one to whom the spiritual life was of high importance. He did his duty so far as he understood it, preached his best, held visitations and examinations according to the practice of the Church and time, was always kind, ready to help, with an open house and a friendly word for all who did not palpably cross his path or thwart his will. But there now came a time when clouds gathered over the prosperous firmament. He was brought to the verge of that passage which leads either in light or in darkness to that which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and saw those whom he loved pass beyond with that aching incapacity to follow them even in imagination which only those who have watched at death-beds know; and he had himself a severe and lingering illness, which looked as if it might have had the same termination. All these things shook the confident young soul which had hitherto thought of nothing but the questions of science, and the onward sweep and rush of a high career. He was brought to a sudden stand before these mysteries. He could no longer impose his vehement will upon the world, and carry everything before him. Something more was in the tragedy of life than had been dreamt of in his philosophy. What was it? He had come to that crisis which occurs to most men one time or other in their lives. What was before him was no longer plain sailing. What was behind did not give him the satisfaction he had felt in it before. The incompleteness, the dissatisfaction of existence, its jarring tone among the calm accords of nature, came suddenly upon him like a lion in the path. He could not pass it by, or turn aside, or flee. The difficulty had to be met and solved somehow, or he must cease to live.'¹

I.

In the earlier chapters of Abraham's story, Lot is constantly mentioned, and 'his goods,' without any mention of a wife. In the recital of Lot's rescue after the battle of the five kings, it is said that Abraham 'brought again his brother Lot, and his goods, and the women also, and the people.' The phraseology is too vague to make sure that even here a wife of Lot is included, though it seems probable.

If he was already wedded to a woman with less faith than himself, what injured his faith might have been enough to kill hers. If the marriage took place later, he would still carry in his soul the taint of his selfishness; and what was a taint in

his stronger nature might become mortal disease in hers. Take it how we will, we cannot morally exonerate Lot from a share in his wife's final disaster. Even if she were weak and faithless, a slave of sense, before he wedded her, there was not enough unworldliness in his religion to give her the fullest chance of being saved. In all companionships of the better and the worse, if the better nature is not sufficiently firm and determinant to elevate the worse, then the worse will help to deteriorate the better. The effect goes on silently, insidiously, neither of the two being self-watchful enough to notice it, any more than two friends in interested converse on the margin of a lake give heed to the shadow they cast in the clear water.

1. *The privileges of Lot's wife.*—In order, however, to understand the tragic incident which has come down to us in sacred history, we ought first of all to bear in mind her privileges, for it was because the privileges of Lot's wife were so great that her responsibility was also great. We know that she had the advantage of godly relatives.

There was her husband. For although we do not consider her husband a pattern of godliness, and we can point to glaring inconsistencies in his life, yet, when we have said our worst about him, it remains to be admitted that the Bible refers to him as 'righteous Lot,' and declares that he was 'sore distressed by the lascivious life of the wicked' (2 P 2^{7, 8} R.V.).

But she had more than her husband's influence; for in earlier years there had been the counsel and the example of Abraham (Lot's uncle), who, even after his nephew left him, did not cease to take the deepest interest in his welfare. When Lot was taken prisoner in the battle of the kings, Abraham went at once to his rescue, and succeeded in bringing him back with all that belonged to him (Gn 14¹²⁻¹⁶). Nor would Abraham touch the wealth of Sodom which was offered him by its king in return for his services at this time. Surely Lot and his wife might both have learned from such a refusal that they, too, would be better without riches accumulated there, but apparently they did not think so, and just went on as before.

Not the least of the privileges which Lot's wife had was that of being eventually led out of Sodom by the hand of an angel! Her husband lingered, and the family with him, as if unwilling to leave, yet delay was dangerous; so in order to hasten them, 'the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon

¹ Mrs. Oliphant, *Thomas Chalmers*, 40.

the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters" (Gn 19¹⁶). Thus she shared the favour shown to her husband, and was taken forth from her old surroundings and started on the way to a place of safety. No doubt she felt sure that all would be well with her as she walked along the road that morning held by an angel's hand; but her confidence was short-lived.

More creatures lackey man
Than he has note of: through the ways of air
Angels go here and there
About his businesses: we tread the floor
Of a whole sea of spirits: evermore
Oozy with spirits ebbs the air and flows
Round us, and no man knows.
Spirits drift upon the populous breeze
And throng the twinkling leaves that twirl on summer trees.¹

"I assure you, strange as it may seem, our scorn of Greek tradition depends, not on our belief, but our disbelief, of our own traditions. We have, as yet, no sufficient clue to the meaning of either; but you will always find that, in proportion to the earnestness of our own faith, its tendency to accept a spiritual personality increases: and that the most vital and beautiful Christian temper rests joyfully in its conviction of the multitudinous ministry of living angels, infinitely varied in rank and power. You all know one expression of the purest and happiest form of such faith, as it exists in modern times, in Richter's lovely illustrations of the Lord's Prayer. The real and living death angel girt as a pilgrim for journey, and softly crowned with flowers, beckons at the dying mother's door; child-angels sit talking face to face with mortal children, among the flowers;—hold them by their little coats, lest they fall on the stairs;—whisper dreams of heaven to them, leaning over their pillows; carry the sound of the church bells for them far through the air; and, even descending lower in service, fill little cups with honey to hold out to the weary bee."²

2. *Her sin*.—There is not a long catalogue of crime against Lot's wife, nor does it appear that any of her evil deeds swelled 'the cry of Sodom,' which was great in the ears of the Lord; we only read, 'his wife looked back from behind him!' The command given by the angel in her hearing had been definite and urgent: 'Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain.' The command, 'Look not behind thee' was not given because the scene was too awful to behold; for what men can endure, men may behold, and Abraham looked upon it from the hill above. It was given simply from the necessity of the case and from no less practical and more arbitrary reason. Accordingly when the

command was neglected, the consequence was felt.

Why the infatuated woman looked back we can only conjecture. According to the context in Luke it would seem as if our Lord ascribed her tragic fate to her reluctance to abandon her household stuff. She was a wife after Lot's own heart, who in the midst of danger and disaster had an eye to her possessions. The smell of fire, the hot blast in her hair, the choking smoke of blazing bitumen, suggested to her only the thought of her own house decorations, her hangings, and ornaments, and stores. She felt keenly the hardship of leaving so much wealth to be the mere food of fire. The thought of such intolerable waste made her more breathless with indignation than her rapid flight.

"Though we may admit that Lot's wife was impelled to look back by perfectly natural emotions, some of which were innocent or even laudable, we must also admit, I think, that these innocent emotions were blended with emotions which had some taint of guilt and disobedience. For the word used in Genesis (19²⁶), when we are told that she 'looked back' on the burning city, is a different and much stronger word than that used two verses lower down, where we are told that Abraham 'looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah.' Abraham's look was only a rapid and terrified glance; but the look of Lot's wife was—so the word implies—a look 'of deliberate contemplation, of steadfast regard, of strong desire.' She looked back wistfully, longingly, as one whose treasure was in the City, and whose heart was there also. She would fain have gone after her heart had she dared. She would rather have stayed amid all the sins of Sodom, if she might have carried on her old easy life in it, than have climbed the mountain, to commence a new life and to dwell apart with God. Her look was an unspoken prayer; and her prayer was answered: she knew 'the misery of a granted prayer.' She lingered behind as one who would fain stay behind; and she *did* stay, though only as a heap of salt, and of salt that had lost its savour."³

Haste, maiden, haste! the spray has come to budding,

The dawn creeps o'er the heavens gold and fair.
Come, see the blood ere breaking, the languid day
awaking.

'A moment, Time, until I bind my hair!'

Come, maiden, come! the bud has burst to blossom,

The sun has kissed the earth and found it sweet.
Come, lest you lose, adorning, the beauty of the morning.
'A moment, Time, a moment, till I eat.'

Come, maiden, come! ripe fruits are on the branches,

The evening star is glowing in the blue;
The breeze's breath grows colder. Come, ere the day is
older!

'A moment till I sip—I'm then with you.'

¹ E. Meynell, *The Life of Francis Thompson*, 188.

² Ruskin, *The Ethics of the Dust*, § 115.

³ S. Cox, *Expositions*, iv. 286.

Quick, maiden, quick! Death's hand has stripped the leafing;

Night frees her clouding hair from bonds that keep.

Quick! lest you're lost for ever, in the gloom to find me never.

'A moment, Time, a moment, till I sleep.'¹

3. *Her doom.*—Involuntarily as she looks at the bleak, stony mountains before her, she thinks of the rich plain behind; she turns for one last look, to see if it is impossible to return, impossible to save anything from the wreck. The one look transfixes her, rivets her with dismay and horror. Nothing she looked for can be seen; all is changed in wildest confusion. Unable to move, she is overtaken and involved in the sulphurous smoke, the bitter salts rise out of the earth and stifle her, they encrust around her, and build her tomb where she stands.

¶ Holman Hunt resided near the southern shore of the Dead Sea for several days in 1854, and has given us in his terrible picture of 'The Scapegoat' an embodiment of the landscape of that portion of the Dead Sea at sunset—a vision of the most appalling desolation. The salt hills run for several miles nearly east and west, at a height of from three hundred to four hundred feet, level atop, and not very broad, the mass being a body of rock salt, capped with a bed of gypsum and chalk. Dislocated, shattered, furrowed into deep clefts by the rains, or standing out in narrow, ragged buttresses, they add to the weird associations of all around. Here and there harder portions of the salt, withstanding the weather while all around them melts and wears off, rise up as isolated pillars, one of which bears among the Arabs the name of Lot's wife. In front of the ridge the ground is strewn with lumps and masses of salt, through which streamlets of brine run across the long muddy flat towards the beach. Everywhere, except at the very few spots where fresh streams enter it, the lake deserves the evil name it has borne for ages. Here and there, indeed, birds sing and twitter on its banks, and in favoured spots rich vegetation covers the rocks; Bedouins, pilgrims, and travellers visit its shores; but these gleams of life only deepen the impression of its unutterable loneliness. The stillness of death is over it all.²

¶ There has never been any great calamity of destruction but somebody has looked back once too often, or lingered that fatal moment too long. Do you remember how curiously this comes out in the ruins of Pompeii? The very words which tell what Abraham was said to have seen, would do for what Pliny saw as he looked on that awful sight in his day—the fiery shower, the Lord raining brimstone and fire out of the very heavens, so that as he watched the place where once had been baths, and temples, and theatres, and shops, and homes, 'lo! the smoke of the country went up like the smoke of a furnace.'

One I shall never forget. It is a woman's figure, lying as she fell, with the arm and the folds of her dress gathered before her face just as she tried to keep off the dreadful choking ashes, but all in vain. There she fell as she was running in the street; and the ashes buried her, and hardened into stone; and the body gradually decayed away, and 1700 years after, digging there, they found the hollow where it had been, like a great mould, and poured in plaster, and got the very cast of it, so that you can see the very expression of her face, and the folds of her dress, and can count the very threads of it. And see: in the skeleton fingers of one hand was found a little bag—just a few rings, and brooches. She had only stopped for those. It would not take a minute. They were all on her dressing-table. Cannot you think how she would call out to her husband to go on with the children, and she would be after him before he got to the city gate! But ah! when they got where they could look back safely, there was no mother, and no word of her, and never word for all these centuries until the workman's pick came on that hollow in the lava. And now you see her with the little jewel-bag in her hand, for all the world like that old story of Lot's wife done into sad and startling fact.³

¶ Oh, why do we *delay* so much, till Death makes it impossible? And don't I continue it still with others? Fools, fools; we forget that it *has* to end; lo, this *has* ended, and it is such an astonishment to me; so sternly undeniable, yet as it were incredible!⁴

II.

A STORY WORTH REMEMBERING.

1. The story of Lot's wife has always been felt to be a very piteous one. It seems so hard a fate for only one poor regret. Really, however, a deeper meaning underlies the story, which puts it alongside the Greek tale of Medusa as an eternal parable of life. In these two the moods of Hellenism and Hebraism are represented with a rare fidelity and pathos. The Greek story tells of one who was petrified by too keen desire for what to her seemed beautiful and dear. Each is a characteristic expression of the genius of the nation that produced it; each also tells a universal human truth.

¶ It is peculiarly interesting to contrast the story of Medusa with its Hebrew parallel in Lot's wife. Both are women presumably beautiful, and both are turned to stone. But while the Greek petrification is the result of too direct a gaze upon the horrible, the Hebrew is the result of too loving and desirous a gaze upon the coveted beauty of the world. Nothing could more exactly represent and epitomize the diverse genius of the nations, and we understand the Greek story the better for the strong contrast with its Hebrew

¹ Dora Sigerson Shorter.

² C. Geikie, *The Holy Land and the Bible*, 268.

³ B. Herford, *Courage and Cheer*, 80.

⁴ *Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle*, by C. E. Norton, i. 115.

parallel. To the Greek, ugliness was dangerous; and the horror of the world having no explanation nor redress, could but petrify the heart of man. To the Hebrew, the beauty of the world was dangerous, and man must learn to turn away his eyes from beholding vanity.¹

2. In Lk 17³¹⁻³⁷ Jesus describes the disposition of mind which shall be the condition of salvation. The Lord passes with His heavenly retinue. He attracts all the inhabitants of the earth who are willing and ready to join Him; but it transpires in the twinkling of an eye. Whoever is not already loosened from earthly things, so as to haste away without hesitation, taking flight toward Him freely and joyously, remains behind. Thus precisely had Lot's wife perished with the goods, from which she could not part.

It were well indeed to 'remember Lot's wife,' that we may bear in mind how possible it is that persons who promise well, and make great efforts, and bid fair to reach a place of safety, may be overtaken by destruction. We can, perhaps, tell of exhausting effort, we may have outstripped many in practical repentance, but all this may only be petrified by present carelessness into a monument recording 'how nearly a man may be saved, and yet be destroyed. 'Have you suffered all these things in vain, if it be yet in vain?' 'Ye have run well, what now hinders you?' The question always is, not what you have done, but what you are now doing. Up to the site of the pillar, Lot's wife had done as well as Lot, had kept pace with the angels; but her failure at that point destroyed her.

¶ The great adventure of the soul demands that it must give itself up to God, to do or to suffer. Like Columbus it will set its course to seas which it has never sailed, for shores that are unknown and perhaps unheard of.

My purpose holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths

Of all the western stars until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down.

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,

And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

If we think—and we often do—that the Kingdom of God may be regarded merely as one of the sides of human life, may be classed as one among many interests, may be ranked as one among many occupations, we are grievously mistaken. It is not so even in ordinary affairs. The doctor or lawyer who is always wondering whether he had better become a soldier or an engineer is not likely to succeed. No great picture will ever come from the artist whose art is only a plaything or a pastime, and not a consuming passion. The

thinker or the man of science who launches out into the deep, and then hesitates and draws back and hugs the safe shore, and is afraid of his own conclusions and discoveries, will never add much to the treasure of human thought and knowledge. The very business man will be a failure who does not concentrate on his work. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' is an old maxim, but experience has proved it to be true—true of this world, true most of all of spiritual things. 'No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.'²

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Virginitibus Puerisque.

I.

Patience.

'Ye have need of patience.'—He 10³⁶.

EARLY July days make one think of gardens. I can remember many a happy Saturday afternoon in July, and some of those I enjoyed most were spent where there were green grass and flowers and fruit bushes. If you should hear your father or your mother say, 'Those were happy days,' be sure there is a picture in their minds; and the country is generally in it, for all grown-up people love to remember the summer sunshine and flowers of long ago.

1. The flowers are at their best in July; if it is dry weather you can sit on the grass—you can even

² Canon S. A. Alexander.

¹ J. Kelman, *Among Famous Books*, 26.

lie on it: and, looking up, you can see the branches of the apple trees simply covered with little green apples. The sight of them reminds you of the end of August or the beginning of September; you don't want to pull them in July, you know they are hard and sour. But you walk round the garden with a tendency to linger in the neighbourhood of the gooseberry bushes. The berries are almost full grown. You feel them; 'rather hard,' you say to yourself; yet somehow you can scarcely resist the temptation to pull and eat a few.

In the *Pilgrim's Progress* Bunyan gives us a picture of two children; the one wanted all his good things now, the other was willing to wait. Some one came to the first with a bag of treasure and poured it down at his feet. He was happy for a little while, and laughed at his companion; but soon he had wasted everything and was left with nothing but rags. The name of the one who was willing to wait was Patience, and Bunyan adds that he will have the glory of his possessions when his companion has nothing but rags.

Now, although eating unripe gooseberries seems to boys and girls such a very commonplace action, it is really doing the same sort of thing as Bunyan's little lad did. He wanted to get happiness, and to get it by a short-cut. So did Jim whom I saw lying sick in bed after being in a garden amongst fruit bushes.

If I were to ask you at this moment what you need to be possessed of when you walk among gooseberry bushes in July, I know you would answer 'Patience.' But you say you dislike sermons on the subject; you hear so much about patience, in fact, that you want to put the thought of it out of your minds. That is just how we all miss many of the most valuable lessons in life. Words often repeated fall at length on our ears like the striking of a household clock. We cease to hear them at all.

Fortunately there are people in the world who have discovered what a good thing patience is. Many wealthy men are among them, and there are others who have no desire to make money, but just spend their lives trying to help those less fortunate than themselves. It was in telling a story of the life of one of these that a writer spoke of him as being possessed of 'a golden key called Patience.'

2. That is surely a very beautiful idea. You all know that a key unlocks doors. With the key

of patience we can open a door through which we see quite wonderful things. Life itself seen through that door seems as if it had become new. Those who have had the key for a long time say that everything in life is planned by the wise thought of One who cares for us.

Don't some of you get tired of school routine? Try the little golden key, for there is no royal road to learning, and no place on the prize list without hard work. I have heard of a father being so anxious that his boys and girls should possess the key of patience that he made up his mind that it would not be his fault if they did not have it. He used to read aloud to them nearly every evening, and he always left off at some very exciting part in the story; they had to wait with what patience they could command for the sequel.

3. Why is the golden key so necessary for boys and girls? Just that they might get a true idea of life. People very much older than you, sometimes become very puzzled over the meaning of all the sorrowful things that happen. They are like the children that gather round an artist when he is sketching outside. They see him give strange, and what seems to them unmeaning, touches of colour to the canvas. But one boy may linger at a little distance after the others have disappeared. As he looks, and looks again, he begins to see something that he thinks he understands. He carries the thought home with him, and it stays with him. He's the sort of boy who finds the golden key.

The world itself is just a great story of patience. Its beauty has come by ways that at one time seemed very terrible. Ages on ages ago there were great storms and earthquakes and many little children became orphans, for their fathers and mothers were killed. Men and women cried, 'Where is God? What does it all mean?' Just think of it; our grandest cliffs and crags have come to us through those very tragedies. Away among our highland mountains I have heard a young girl who hardly understood what the golden key meant, cry out for very joy because the world seemed to her so beautiful.

Then you need the key to understand your companions. Boys and girls don't attain to having fine characters all at once. Tempers have to be curbed, jealousy kept down, laziness overcome: you know it. A companion may be praying to be made good, when all the time you are thinking what a disagreeable fellow he is.

You remember about the Apostle Peter. He was like a big boy. It took him a very long time to learn patience, even though he was beside the best Teacher that ever lived. Once when his Master was being insulted by rude men, a sudden impulse made him draw his sword and cut off the ear of one of them. Jesus reproved him—Oh so gently. It was as if He said, 'Have patience, Peter.'

4. God is very patient with us. It is He who has put the desire to be good into our hearts. He perseveres with the patience of a nurse who has a very stupid patient to manage. God's patience was what the writer of the hymn was thinking of when he wrote the wonderful line:

O Love that wilt not let me go.

Let me read two beautiful little verses that were found on the body of a dead soldier during the American Civil War:

I lay me down to sleep
With little thought or care
Whether the waking find
Me here or there.

My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part,
To give a patient God
My patient heart.

There are many such patient soldiers now.

Boys and girls, never rest till you have come into possession of the 'Golden Key called Patience.'

II.

The Right Kind of Memory.

'And a stranger shalt thou not oppress: for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.'—Ex 23⁹.

To-day I want to speak about the right kind of memory, because although the memory is not a thing we can see and touch like the hand or the ear or the tongue, yet it has a very important part to play in our life.

It is a splendid thing to have a good memory. The boys and girls who possess such a thing should consider themselves very fortunate. It will be a great help to them through life and make things easier for them. Yes, it is a splendid thing to have a good memory; but it is a better thing to have the right kind of memory.

Now what do we mean by the right kind of memory? Well, some people seem to remember the things they ought to forget, and forget the things they ought to remember. They remember all the little insults and injuries they have received from others. They count them over and feel very badly used and very sorry for themselves. They seem to take a positive pleasure in doing it. And those are very often the people who forget the good that they have received—they forget to be grateful.

But this is not the kind of memory you would wish to have. The right kind of memory *remembers to forget*—to forget all the little injuries and insults that do not matter; and the right kind of memory above all things *remembers to remember*. It remembers to forget itself, and it remembers to remember others.

Now in our text the Israelites were reminded to remember. They were told to remember the strangers who came amongst them, to be kind and hospitable to them, because once they too had been strangers in the land of Egypt. Sometimes strangers were not treated very kindly. They were looked upon as outsiders, and they were given no rights. Often people tried to get out of them as much as they could and to give back as little as possible. Now the Israelites had had a very hard time in the land of Egypt. They had been oppressed and overworked and persecuted. They knew all about the disadvantages of being strangers, and so they were told to be kind to the strangers who came to their land for the sake of all the hard things they had once endured.

I wonder if you have ever been a stranger in a strange land? Have you ever known what it is to be an outsider? Have you ever gone to a new school and felt out in the cold? The other boys and girls had their own interests, they were all friendly with each other, each had his or her special chum, and there seemed to be no room for you. If this has happened to you, then when you get to know the others and are taken into their circle, be kind to the new pupils who come after you. Speak to them, try to make them feel at home, for you have known 'the heart of a stranger.'

It is those who have been in trouble themselves who know and understand best how to help other people out of their troubles. Let me tell you two stories to show what I mean.

A cripple, hobbling down a city street aided by two canes, stopped at a corner to knock a banana-skin off the pavement with one of his canes. Three well persons stood near, but not one of them had thought of removing the skin. The cripple had broken his hip by slipping on a banana-skin a few years previously. He did not want others to suffer as he had done. That is the first story.

And here is the other. One day I was visiting an infirmary in a large city. In one bed was a boy about sixteen years of age. I went to speak to him, and he lifted the corner of the bedclothes a little bit. What do you think was underneath? Just a little baby-boy two years old. Then the young fellow explained that he himself had a club-foot which had been operated on some days previously. This baby had just come in for the same operation, and he had begged the nurse to let him have him beside him in bed. There he was—nursing it as tenderly as any mother, and trying to make the wee mite forget its troubles.

It is those who have suffered themselves who know best how to sympathize. But don't wait to suffer before you begin to sympathize. You can all begin this very day. It just requires a little thought for others. A smile, a kind word, will cost you very little, but they may make all the difference in the world to the person on whom they are bestowed. Then some day you will hear the glad welcome of One who ever made it His business to cheer the lonely, and comfort the sad: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for . . . I was a stranger, and ye took me in.'

Point and Illustration.

The Outlook.

In *The Outlook for Religion* (Cassell; 6s. net), Dr. W. E. Orchard has written a book for the times and made it manifest that he has convictions and the courage of them. Look at what he says about Reality: 'Among the things which the returning army will demand from the Churches will be, at least, "reality." We were never more under the dominion of catch words and phrases which refuse to yield the slightest intelligible meaning on serious analysis. And this may be one of them, for it has become as universal and wearisome as "doing your bit." It will be refresh-

ing if the men do demand reality; it will be a revelation if they can tell us what they mean by it. But this judgment has been given by responsible persons at home, and they probably mean something by it. One can imagine that those who retain any interest in the Churches, and have been able to think during their time in the army, will demand that the Church shall once for all make up its mind about its attitude towards war.' Then: 'The doctrine that there can be no peace until the enemy is utterly crushed will, if persisted in—and one does not see how anything else is possible unless we are all going to eat our words—bring European civilisation to the dust and the Church of the West with it.'

He is still more courageous when he comes to speak of the Denominations and how they are likely to survive the war. 'No one can doubt that the war is going to help Anglicanism, as compared with Rome or Nonconformity.' And: 'If the Anglican Church only knew what an opportunity it now had, it could sweep Nonconformity out of existence. Perhaps the National Mission showed some astute though entirely subconscious recognition that this was the time.'

Of this National Mission he says: 'The National Mission is the latest sign of a genuine religious life. It has been perhaps one of the greatest adventures that the Anglican Church has ever made. It has arisen out of a concern that all is not well, and witnesses to a half-concealed uneasiness about the war being a sign of nascent Christianity, or the soldier's sacrifice an implicit confession of Christ, or any of that nonsense. Many of the clerics may be saying these things, but they do not believe them. It may be clearly enough laid down by some brainless prelates that the Repentance to which the nation is called has nothing whatever to do with the fact that we are at war, which in their judgment is the sign that the nation is religious at heart, and is prepared to take up the Cross and follow Christ; but there would be no mission of this kind if this was what the Church felt in its very soul. The Mission has outwardly failed. It started well, but it rushed into publicity before the Holy Ghost had furnished either illumination or power. Yet it witnesses to a deep concern in the living heart of the Church, and it shows that adventure is not dead.'

But his courage is at its height when he tells us what we are to meet the men with when they

return. 'What we have to make clear to men is that Jesus Christ, a real human being who lived a real human life, who bore the whole burden of our nature and faced the whole problem of our existence, was the revelation of what God essentially is; that this human embodiment in Jesus tells us all about God and His purposes; why He made the world, and how He made it, and what He means by it; tells us all about ourselves, how we are to live and how we are to understand life. And in this revelation there was nothing second-hand, merely copied, diminished, or adapted so as to suit the body of our humiliation and the conditions of humanity; but that this Jesus reveals the wisdom, the glory, the whole nature and very self of God; and this life of ours, this flesh we wear, and all the conditions that are inseparable from humanity, were actually designed so that God should in them be Himself and here show forth His glory.

'I hold that nothing short of Nicene Christology secures and preserves and justifies this whole way of thinking, however inadequate or confusing its terms may have become; and that if we are going to proceed to a more adequate statement on intellectual lines we shall have to go higher than Nicæa, not lower, so as to remove any suspicion that the whole Godhead was not constitutive of the personality of Jesus and revealed in His life. For this crisis has revealed that the Nicene statement can be juggled with and turned into a denial of the real and proper Deity of Christ. But a more exact theological statement is not the thing that matters most at the moment. What we have to set before all people is that the full faith in Christ is the only faith that can save the world now, and if it is to be faith, and not merely a theological idea, it must be an encouragement to venture all upon Christ's absolute reality and power.'

And yet this man is alive to his finger-tips with interest in his fellow-men, the men among whom he is living and suffering to-day.

One can't.

A biography written by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is likely to be read. The subject of it is Arthur John Butler, the Dante scholar. A. J. Butler had many interests and worked hard at them all. He was a scholar in the Cambridge way, and not of

Dante only, but also of history and politics and Alpine climbing. What he did he did well, being more than conscientious, even fastidious, in his work. And yet most men would call him a failure. His biographer admits it. Why, then, has his life been written? Just to show that the world's failure is God's success.

'Butler, for all his interest—his delighted interest—in all forms of man's activity, could never lay full account with Philistia. But if he "messed a career" thereby, I am very certain that he made a fine business of life.'

Sq says Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and he knew him well. He goes on: 'As a son, a brother, a husband, a father he was not only irreproachable: the word almost insults one who threw the service of his heart so eagerly into all these functions. As a man he walked in God's eye, consciously but fearlessly, and his courage was as ready at hand for disappointment and illness as for any sudden test on an Alpine peak.'

And this further paragraph must be quoted to complete the picture: 'I add what is, in my experience, one of the surest proofs of a complete man, that he could open his lungs to the broadest human jest and laugh his soul utterly clean of it. At the point where good men are delicate his delicacy became almost girlish. I never knew one who with more easy an instinct separated the Holies from the Court of the Gentiles.'

That is good. But it is still better to hear himself. This is how he wrote to his son who had just left Eton and gone to Cambridge:

'My sending you to Cambridge at all, apart from the rather sentimental (and selfish) wish to keep up the family tradition, was of the nature of an investment. . . . As you hold no honours in your hand, and not any exceptionally good cards, you can only do this [win] by good play. I had no honours to speak of. I held good cards: I did not play them as I ought to have done; and I am where I am. Now I have to toil at hack work, at a time of life when most people are beginning to take in their sails, or at any rate to choose the work that pleases them best. What is worse, through having shrunk from drudgery and tried short-cuts when I was younger, I find it very hard now to apply myself to my work, so that I am always more or less driven, and take a whole day to do what most men would do in a morning.

'What you want, I am sure, is a definite purpose,

or rather the determination to let nothing (short of what is dishonourable, which I know you would rightly stick at) stand between you and your purpose. You let yourself be stopped sometimes by "One can't." Now there is nothing which "One can't," except disgrace oneself. To take a perfectly imaginary case. Suppose there was some bit of knowledge essential to your work, which you could only get by writing to the Emperor of China, and could get it so—you should write to the Emperor of China, and find a Chinese scholar to translate for you. But you would say, "One can't." You should practise the operation known as picking people's brains. In nine cases out of ten they like it. As for your coach and your lecturers, it is what they are there for. And be very suspicious about thinking you know anything until you have written it out correctly. Bacon says, "Writing maketh an Exact Man." Also, writing is an excellent challenge to indolence, and so is a moral as well as an intellectual training. Remember that character is built of habits, and habits are formed by small acts constantly repeated; integration in fact; or like a coral-reef. Much the same applies to the mind, only that is in some way more physical, depending on the condition the cells of your brain are in. You can make your brain firm or flabby, just as you can your muscles; but in both cases hard grind *with a purpose* is necessary if flabbiness is to be avoided, and by grind I do not merely mean sitting with a book in front of you, but an effort to *know* some new thing every day, having previously made quite sure what you do know and what you do not.'

So you see the *Memoir of Arthur John Butler* (John Murray; 7s. 6d. net) is a book that must be read.

Life in Christ.

Two volumes of *Sermon Notes* by the late Rev. Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson are to be issued. The first, the Anglican volume, has appeared (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). The editor, the Rev. C. C. Martindale, dedicating the volumes to Lord Halifax, claims for the Notes that they have a psychological value, for 'Hugh Benson stamped his personality on all that he touched.' But they have also a preaching value. Notes as they are, they are far other than the 'skeleton' variety we are so painfully familiar with. Let us offer an example.

LIFE IN CHRIST.

Acts xvii. 28: In Him we live, and move, and have our being.

(A friend once said he liked to be alone in a stranger's room, to learn his character from the room.)

Introduction.—Spoken on Mars' Hill, immediately behind Mars' Temple—below the 'Furies'—high on the right of the Acropolis—temple and gigantic statue of Pallas—ivory and gold—below, temple of Theseus—in every direction altars, images—of amazing beauty.

All these were evidences to the supernatural world. So throughout Athens—And in the country—by streams—altars to nymphs,—in daily life the theatre half a temple—sacrifice offered—altar—drinking—bathing—all semi-sacred actions.

(So now in India—the carpenter prays to his hammer.)

All this results in an intense realisation of the supernatural world—a very evil one—impure—capricious—but the two worlds of sense and spirit were all interwoven.

I. St. Paul had to substitute the World to Grace for the Supernatural World of Devils.

He preached the Gospel—'to the unknown God.'

One God—instead of many.

Holy God—instead of lustful and impure—they mocked at innocence.

Loving God—instead of careless.

[Compare Hermes and Bacchus—dangling a bunch of grapes before the god of drunkenness—it is beautiful—but is it divine?

Our Lady and Child: marvellous purity—Child looking out to bless the world.

Their religious books must be expurgated before English boys can read them.]

Above all Incarnate God: who died for love—'to the Greeks foolishness'—Utterly opposed to Greek idea.

Compare an Apollo and a Crucifix!—

[*An Apollo*—perfect animal—symmetry—muscles—poise of the head—nervous limbs—all in the 'pride of life.'

A Crucifix—distorted—exhausted—head drooping—weary glazed eyes—'despised and rejected . . . acquainted with grief.')

Thus his message was, 'There is a spiritual

world about you: You are right in reminding yourselves of its existence—But it is not the world which you imagine.’

So the Christian Church rightly adapted many heathen customs; just as she adapted heathen temples (*e.g.* in Egypt).

Our processions—images—all adapted from heathenism. This is the glory of Christianity.

II. Present-day Tendency is to put the Supernatural World far away.

(1) Go about a big town to-day. The prominent things are the public buildings [where they arrange about the drains and electric trams]—stations—banks—theatres—not religious objects. If you were to propose putting up a cross or crucifix in the middle of the street, people would be shocked and alarmed—[Our villages are full of stumps of crosses which the English materialists have cut down. If our fathers slew the prophets, we do not build their sepulchres—we have improved on that—we destroy their sepulchres as well, *e.g.* St. Thomas of Canterbury. Empty niches of Court of Heaven]—not really from fear of idolatry—they have got idols of their own; but because it would bring the supernatural clearly before their eyes and minds, *cf.* saying grace—family prayers—are going out.

(2) Go into a man's house—take chairs—pictures—Bible (if there is one under an antimacassar). Prayer—alone dogma can give prayers. The Roman has our Lady and the Crucifix—the Salvation Army, General Booth—because they believe in them: and what have we? If we have anything beyond tables or china we have sentimental pictures of nothing in particular—and that is what we believe in.

Follow him in daily life—What is he really keen about? work—amusements—beer—pipe—football—and the evening papers! Follow him in his religion—Harvest Festival instead of Corpus Christi—Watch-night service connected with *time*: instead of the eternal verities of the Lamb slain—He calls that [Corpus Christi] materialistic—what unconscious irony!!! One is weary of the manly, practical, British character that believes in nothing except itself—and a God it has fashioned after its own image and likeness.

(3) Preach nearness of spiritual world—*i.e.* sacramental doctrine—baptism—absolution—Mass—Saints—or even JESUS as a present Saviour—for all sacramental doctrine shows how near the

spiritual world is—and people are distressed—‘dangerous,’ ‘superstitious,’ ‘unpractical.’

Life unbearable to the ‘practical men’ if he believed that JESUS really came in every Mass—and that a real sacrifice ascended to God—that in loneliness he is a spectacle to angels and men.

Our tendency now is to *separate* these two worlds: and this means the gradual extinction of the spiritual, *e.g.* when a man brags about ‘praying in secret’—‘worshipping God under the blue dome,’ ‘confessing his sins to God alone’—it means he is beginning to separate them. Or when he says, ‘Let us have civic functions magnificent, but let religion be simple,’ he is separating them—You cannot separate them—‘serve God and mammon.’ ‘If the Lord be God, then follow Him—in *anything* you do; or if mammon then follow *him*—in *anything*—as his worshippers do.’

III. Our Business to Witness to the Nearness of the Supernatural World.

(This is the thought of a Patronal Festival, and how are we fulfilling our vocation?)

(a) *By our outward actions* OR by reverence. By all that is called ‘ritualistic.’ It offends; but it startles. Man in a restaurant making the sign of the Cross is a witness—‘he thinks more of the presence of God than of his neighbours.’

Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament—especially as our leaders have told us it implies the Real Presence.

We cannot put up our crucifixes: they are torn down—but we can wear them. (Our Lord spoke against the motive of self-advertisement, but it is the other way now.)

‘But it is not the time!’ Oh! it is: ‘The Church may walk warily in times of quiet, and boldly in times of trouble.’ They will attack anyhow—either accuse of secrecy, or of barefacedness.

(b) *By wedding our daily life and religion again.* (This is the value of a Harvest Festival.)

1. Doing our business religiously—guided entirely by justice.

2. Doing our religion businesslike—keeping rules—persevering—methodical—Sermon on the Mount—starve if necessary—being natural.

3. *Above all by heavenly-mindedness.*—‘In Him we live. . . .’ Remember yourself in the Presence of God and angels and all saints. This gives you a ‘foreign’ air—citizens of the heavenly country—a pilgrim.

Conclusion.—We are compassed by heavenly things. Air vibrates with grace—A spectacle to men and angels—St. Stephen in Sanhedrin. St. John in Patmos, only his eyes opened and the spiritual world was there—'Behold a door was opened in heaven.'

[Instead of the birds flying, was seen an eagle bearing the Everlasting Gospel.

Instead of the Sun was seen the Face of Jesus.

Instead of the roar of the sea was heard His Voice.

Instead of the Sea—the sea of glass.

Instead of the beach—pavement of gold.

Instead of the birds—eagle and angels.

Instead of the waves—the voice of Jesus.

Instead of the Sun—the face of Jesus.

Instead of the clouds—flocks of angels.

It is here about us—This Church is the Gate of Heaven—if we had eyes to see, the air is full of horses and chariots round about us. Lord, that our eyes may be opened!]

'Went to 'Eaven straight, e' did.'

A second series has been published of *A Student in Arms*, by Donald Hankey (Melrose; 5s. net). We make no comparison between it and the first series. It is fit to stand alone and be enjoyed. For the sketches are quite independent, and every sketch has its point as well its pathos. But let us quote one of them, and let it be one of the Imaginary Conversations. These Imaginary Conversations are very characteristic, and will be the best to introduce their much-lamented author to those who know him not yet.

SCENE.—*A field in Flanders. All round the edge are bivouacs built of sticks and waterproof sheets. Three men are squatting round a small fire, waiting for a couple of mess-tins of water to boil.*

BILL (*gloomily*). The last three of the old lot! Oo's turn next?

FRED. Wot's the bleedin' good of bein' dahn in the mahf abaht it? Give me the bleedin' 'ump, you do.

JIM. Are we dahn-'earted? Not 'alf, we ain't!

BILL. I don't know as I cares. Git it over, I sez. 'Ave done wiv it! I dessay as them wot's gone West is better off nor wot we are, arter all.

JIM. Orlright, old sport, you go an' look for the

V.C., and we'll pick up the bits an' bury 'em nice an' deep!

BILL. If this 'ere bleedin' war don't finish soon that's wot I bleedin' well will go an' do. Wish they'd get a move on an' finish it.

FRED. If ever I gets 'ome again, I'll never do another stroke in my natural. The old woman can keep me, . . . 'er, an' if she don't I'll . . . well . . . 'er. . . .

JIM (*indignantly*). Nice sort o' bloke you are! Arter creatin' abaht ole Bill makin' you miserable, you goes on to plan 'ow you'll make other folks miserable! Wot's the bleedin' good o' that? Keep smilin', I sez, an' keep other folks smilin' too, if you can. If ever I gets 'ome I'll go dahn on my bended, I will, and I'll be a different sort o' bloke to wot I been afore. Swelp me bob, I will! My missus won't 'ave no cause to wish as I'd been done in.

BILL. Ah well, it don't much matter. We're all most like to go afore this war's finished.

JIM. If yer goes yer goes, and that's all abaht it. A bloke's got to go some day, and fer myself I'd as soon get done in doin' my dooty as I would die in my bed. I ain't struck on dyin' afore my time, and I don't know as I'm greatly struck on livin', but, whichever it is, you got ter make the best on it.

BILL (*meditatively*). I wouldeen mind stoppin' a bullet fair an' square; but I wouldeen like one of them 'orrible lingerin' deaths. 'Died o' wounds' arter six munfs' mortal hagony—that's wot gets at me. Git it over an' done wiv, I sez.

FRED (*querulously*). Ow, chuck it, Bill. You gives me the creeps, you do.

JIM. I knowed a bloke onest in civil life wot died a lingerin' death. Lived in the second-floor back in the same 'ouse as me an' my missus, 'e did. Suffered somefink 'orrible, 'e did, an' lingered more nor five year. Yet I reckon 'e was one o' the best blokes as ever I come acrost. Went to 'eaven straight, 'e did, if ever any one did. Wasn't 'alf glad ter go, neither. 'I done my bit of 'ell, Jim,' 'e sez to me, an' looked that 'appy you'd a' thought as e' was well agin. Shan't never forget 'is face, I shan't. An' I'd sooner be that bloke, for all 'is sufferin's, than I'd be ole Fred 'ere, an' live to a 'undred.

BILL (*philosophically*). You'm right, matey. This is a wale o' tears, as the 'ymn sez, and them as is out on it is best off, if so be as they done their

dooty in that state o' life. . . . Where's the coffee, Jim? The water's on the bile.

The Causes of the Triumph of Christianity.

There is nothing in the *Decline and Fall* which has impressed the world so much as Gibbon's attempt to account for the success of early Christianity. It was so deliberately intended to be subversive of the Christian claim; it did so much to prove that claim unassailable.

Again a deliberate effort is made to explain the triumph of Christianity. It is made by the Professor of Latin in Harvard University. There is nothing in person or place to lead us to expect a different method or a different spirit. Yet how different is the one from the other. What were the chief reasons for Christianity's triumph?

'Sometimes,' says Professor Moore, 'it is lightly said that its victory was due to the fact that it "promised immortality to a hopeless world." But we know that there were many contemporaneous religions which promised immortality and that the world was not without hope. We must try to look somewhat more deeply, and we cannot limit ourselves wholly to intellectual causes.

'The first, although not the most significant, reason may be found in the positive and noble monotheism of Christianity. Other religions by syncretistic processes arrived at a doctrine of the unity of the Divine, of one God who embraced in himself a multitude of divinities; but the new faith, supported by the Jewish inheritance, taught that God was but One, and that there was no other.

'Yet the most important causes are to be found in the person and mission of Jesus. He brought a new revelation of God to men; and it was a revelation which men believed the Old Testament had foretold. The Jewish Scriptures were the one body of sacred writings known to the Greco-Roman world, and their authority was enormous, wherever anti-Jewish prejudices were overcome, or when, as in Christian thought, Jesus was related to its prophecies. This influence had extended to Greeks, especially in such places as Alexandria, long before Jesus began His ministry. Therefore it was natural that the Gentiles' desire for revelation as well as the Jews' Messianic hopes should be attached to the Old Testament, so that Christianity had the support of its weighty authority.

'Again, Christianity knew its saviour and redeemer not as some god whose history was contained in a myth filled with rude, primitive, and even offensive elements, as were the stories of Attis, of Osiris, and, to a degree, of Dionysus. Such myths required violent interpretation to make them acceptable to enlightened minds. On the contrary the Christian saviour had lived and associated with men, whose minds and senses had apprehended his person, acts, and character. These witnesses had transmitted their knowledge directly, and they had testified that the life of Jesus corresponded to his teachings. Jesus was then an historical, not a mythical being. No remote or foul myth obtruded itself on the Christian believer; his faith was founded on positive, historical, and acceptable facts.

'Christianity showed a superior power of adaptation to every class; it was a practical guide of life for all, a guide which was soon recognized by its opponents to be of the highest ethical value. In spite of the human weaknesses of Christians, their superior morality was generally recognized from the time of Pliny. Their motives for righteous living sprang from love and faith rather than from any social or rational sanctions; and the fruits were "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance." These virtues and the belief that Christ's revelation and the mystic union of man with the Divine brought salvation, could be understood by the most unlettered. The intellectual classes found Christianity fulfilling the aim of both Greek thought and Old Testament prophecy; in it they saw the ultimate philosophy. Christianity therefore proved itself a religion which satisfied men's desires and hopes as well as their philosophic aims in a more complete and spiritual way than Oriental mysticism or Greek rationalism; and it gave a nobler assurance of salvation.

'Finally, experience taught the value of Christianity; already in the second century the Apologists could make the appeal to common knowledge of the Christians to show the superiority of their faith.'

The book from which that fine passage is taken is really a history of Greek religion. Its title is *The Religious Thought of the Greeks* (Milford; 8s. 6d. net). The author is Clifford Herschel Moore.

It is a historical work. The Religion of the

Greeks is described throughout its history from Homer to Origen. Yes, to Origen; for it is not Paganism only that Professor Moore calls Greek religion. Wherever and whenever the Greek language was spoken, there and then was it used as a vehicle for the expression of Greek religion. The ancient religion got mixed with elements from strange Oriental cults, but it was Greek religion still, though it might now go by the name of Hellenism. And it is not to be thought of that Professor Moore should cut short his history of the religious thought of the Greeks without including the great Greek Fathers. Jesus is here and Paul is here; and the religion of the New Testament is told with no less insight and sympathy than the religion of Plato or Aristotle, though less space is proportionately and wisely occupied with it.

Justice.

At the Clarendon Press is published an address on *The Faith of England*, by Sir Walter Raleigh (6d. net). This anecdote will reveal the text and tone of the address: 'I suppose we should be at war with Germany to-day, even if the Germans had respected the neutrality of Belgium. But the unprovoked assault upon a little people that asked only to be let alone united all opinions in this country, and brought us in with a rush. I believe there is one German, at least (I hope he is alive), who understands this. Early in July, 1914, a German student at Oxford, who was a friend and pupil of mine, came to say good-bye to me. I have since wondered whether he was under orders to join his regiment. Anyhow, we talked very freely of many things, and he told me of an adventure that had befallen him in an Oxford picture-palace. Portraits of notabilities were being thrown on the screen. When a portrait of the German Emperor appeared, a youth, sitting just behind my friend, shouted out an insulting and scurrilous remark. So my friend stood up and turned round and, catching him a cuff on the head, said, "That's my emperor." The house

was full of undergraduates, and he expected to be seized and thrown into the street. To his great surprise the undergraduates, many of whom have now fallen on the fields of France, broke into rounds of cheering. "I should like to think," my friend said, "that a thing like that could possibly happen in a German city, but I am afraid that the feeling there would always be against the foreigner. I admire the English; they are so just." I have heard nothing of him since, except a rumour that he is with the German army of occupation in Belgium. If so, I like to think of him at a regimental mess, suggesting doubts, or, if that is an impossible breach of military discipline, keeping silence, when the loud-voiced major explains that the sympathy of the English for Belgium is all pretence and cant.'

Home Prayers.

The Rev. A. H. McNeile, D.D., C.F., has written some 'Simple Home Prayers for a Week,' and called the little book containing them *A Daily Offering* (Heffer; 2d. and 6d. net). Here are the prayers for Tuesday evening:

Confession.—O our Father, who dost love us even when we sin, we want to tell Thee all that has been wrong to-day, words that were angry or untrue, deeds that were disobedient or unkind, thoughts that were silly or bad. Forgive us, we pray Thee, and join our hearts closer to Thee: through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

Thanksgiving.—O Lord our God, who lovest all the children in the world because Thy Son was a Child, we thank Thee for Thy care over children to-day, and we praise Thee for all Thy care over us: through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

An Evening Prayer.—O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst often as a Child fall asleep in the arms of Thy Mother, fold us while we sleep in the Arms of Thy mercy, that no evil may touch us till morning light. Amen.

A Mythical Incident in the Trial of Jesus.

BY HERBERT G. WOOD, M.A., FORMERLY FELLOW OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
WARDEN OF WOODBROOKE SETTLEMENT, BIRMINGHAM.

WHAT is the meaning of the phrase ἐξήτουν μαρτυρίαν in Mk 14⁵⁵, parallel with Mt 26⁵⁹, which inserts ψευδο before μαρτυρίαν? There is no special difficulty in translation. The sense of the passage is admirably rendered in the twentieth century version as follows:—'Meanwhile the Chief Priests and the whole of the High Council were trying to get such evidence against Jesus as would warrant his being put to death, but they could not find any.' The meaning of the text is plain enough, but it raises many questions. With Mr. Montefiore we ask, 'How have the witnesses been obtained at this hour of night? Where did they spring from? Were they kept in constant attendance lest their evidence should be suddenly required?' To these questions the evangelists return no answer. We have here one of those tantalizing gaps which so frequently occur, in the information supplied in the Gospels and the strictly critical attitude is to confess that we do not know how the witnesses came to be present. The evangelists have not troubled to explain their sudden appearance.

Commentators, however, abhor gaps as much as nature abhors a vacuum. Consequently they are busy with some one conjecture or other, usually offered with great confidence and in entire forgetfulness of alternative possibilities. A study of some of these comments affords a pretty illustration of the dangers of freely embroidering the Gospel narratives. In the course of these efforts at filling up the gap, some writers seem almost to have succeeded in securing currency for an additional incident which has no justification whatever in the text.

If the phrase ἐξήτουν μαρτυρίαν be isolated or read hastily, it is easily taken to mean that the Sanhedrim were looking for witnesses. This misunderstanding answers all the questions. How did the witnesses come to be there? The Sanhedrim instituted a search for them. This is not, indeed, what the Evangelist actually says. He would have written ἐξήτουν μάρτυρας, not μαρτυρίαν, if he had intended to say they searched for witnesses. Moreover, this mistranslation is corrected

by the context. Interpreted in this way the text in Matthew would run, 'Now the chief priests and elders and all the council sought false witnesses against Jesus, to put him to death; but found no false witnesses: yea, though many false witnesses came, yet they found no false witnesses'—which is manifest nonsense. But the suggestion of a search for witnesses, once derived from a misunderstanding of the original, is too useful in filling the gap, to be readily abandoned. Besides, if the Sanhedrim was looking for evidence, surely that is tantamount to looking for witnesses. You can't have evidence without people to give evidence. So the misinterpretation holds its ground, and gives rise to many fancy pictures.

A good example of this class of embroidery occurs in Mr. J. M. Robertson's *Pagan Christs*. He says (p. 198): 'In the dead of night the authorities proceed to hunt up "false witnesses" throughout Jerusalem, because the witnesses must be produced in the trial scene as closely as possible on that of the capture . . . and the process goes on till two give the requisite testimony.' That Mr. Robertson is guilty of misunderstanding the original is clear from his use of inverted commas. He treats μαρτυρίαν as equivalent to μάρτυρας—a simple grammatical error. He is clearly working on the text, as he attempts to do justice to the imperfect ἐξήτουν, by imagining a continuous search going on till two witnesses are found to agree. In a later work Mr. Robertson says: 'Such a judicial and police procedure as the systematic search for witnesses described in the gospel-story of the Trial could not take place by night.' Here the simple phrase of Mark is treated as a description of a systematic search for witnesses. But it is certain that the phrase can only refer to a judicial procedure, namely, the examination of witnesses in court. It does not even imply, much less describe, the police procedure of a systematic search for witnesses.

It might be thought that Mr. Robertson's error was prompted by a desire to prove details in the narrative to be unhistorical. In this case the suspicion is unjust, for he errs in good company.

Even W. C. Allen in his commentary on *Matthew* (p. 282) seems to falter, for he writes: 'The narrative in Mk. is not free from difficulty. The authorities sought false witnesses, two at least being necessary according to law, cf. Dt 19¹⁵, but could not find them⁽⁵⁵⁾. For many offered witness, but two could not be found to agree.' Here Dr. Allen seems to countenance a mistranslation of Mk., but his last sentence excludes Mr. Robertson's misunderstanding. Lesser lights commit themselves more irrevocably. Thus Dr. David Smith is found in unexpected agreement with Mr. Robertson. 'They (the chief priests, etc.) summoned no witnesses for the defence, but they hunted up witnesses against Him with an undisguised determination to effect His condemnation and with no attempt to preserve even the appearance of impartiality' (*The Days of His Flesh*, p. 469). It is not clear how far Dr. David Smith would press the search, but the coincidence of phrase 'hunt up witnesses' between him and Mr. Robertson is disquieting. Other writers supply fuller details. M. Brodrick, in a special monograph on *The Trial and Crucifixion of Jesus Christ of Nazareth* (pp. 76, 77), observes very justly that 'a stranger sight can seldom have been seen in the High Court of Jewry than that of the judges sending out to seek for witnesses in order to be able to proceed against a prisoner whom they had ordered to be arraigned before them for a predetermined verdict.' Mr. Robert Bird, the author of *Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth*, also believes in this search for witnesses, but he conceives it somewhat differently. He notices that the members of the Sanhedrim are the subject of the verb ἐζητούν. They did not send out to look for witnesses, as Mr. Brodrick supposes. The search was personally conducted by the members of the court. On p. 528 of his book, he writes as follows: 'But no two men could be got to accuse Jesus of the same thing, and the council became very uneasy, and some of the judges rose and went quietly out to look for more and better wit-

nesses and to prepare them beforehand. Going into the palace-yard below, they sought for men to speak against Him.' This is a delightful though purely imaginative picture. Nothing of the kind is contemplated or concealed in ἐζητούν μαρτυρίαν. But Robert Bird's alternative search by the judges in the palace-yard shows how gratuitous it is to read into this little phrase the description of a systematic search at midnight throughout Jerusalem.

More sober conjectural fillings involve less error but possess little more substance. Thus Renan and Wellhausen speak of the trial as pre-arranged, and the witnesses as prepared beforehand. It is difficult to deny the force of Mr. Montefiore's comment. 'That the trial is prepared, is asserted, not proved.' Similarly when Dr. Menzies writes (*The Earliest Gospel*, p. 265): 'Evidence therefore was required, and a number of persons are invited to say what they can against the accused, having, of course, been summoned late at night for that purpose,' one is inclined to ask the source of the last bit of information and the reason of backing it with 'of course.' When a commentator says, 'of course,' one suspects he seeks to give strength to an otherwise unsupported assertion.

After all, the late Dr. Bruce in the *Expositor's Greek Testament* kept closer to the text and the truth when he commented on Mt 26⁶⁰ as follows: —'οὐκ εἶπον found not false witness that looked plausible and justified capital punishment. πολλῶν π. ψ. it was not for want of witnesses of a kind; many offered themselves . . . coming forward on the spur of the moment from the crowd in answer to an invitation from prejudiced judges eager for damnatory evidence.' This is more probable than most other conjectures. But surely in answering such a question as, Whence came the witnesses in the trial of Jesus? a commentator ought to record a verdict of *non liquet*. Let him mention conjectures as conjectures. For the rest, let him beware of being wise beyond that which is written.

Shadow and Substance.

BY THE REV. A. E. GARVIE, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF NEW COLLEGE, LONDON.

III.

THE eternal reality itself has expressed itself in the temporal order, and that progressively until a consummation, not exclusive of progress objective and subjective, has been reached in Christ. So far our study of the Epistle has brought us. Our next step must be to try to answer the question: How has the eternal reality God—as finally manifested in Christ—dealt with all that in the temporal order, in which it so manifests itself, contradicts and challenges its supremacy? The problem of Creation and the problem of History bring us to the problem of Evil. (1) The writer of the Epistle does not, as does Paul (in the generally accepted interpretation, which has been recently called in question) in Ro 8, deal with the question on the cosmic scale, but only on the human. He finds that man has not secured the dominion over the creature that befits his dignity as but a little inferior to the Creator. 'Now we see not yet all things subjected to him' (2⁸). Man's unfulfilled promise, however, he sees fulfilled in Christ, and for mankind fulfilled through Christ. 'But we behold him who hath been made a little lower than the angels, even Jesus, because of the suffering of death crowned with glory and honour, that by the grace of God he should taste death for every man. For it became him, for whom are all things, and through whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the author of their salvation perfect through sufferings' (2^{9, 10}). In one of the previous studies the soteriological significance and value of this passage was dealt with, and must now be taken for granted; we return to the study of it as a theodicy, the Cross as the justification of the ways of God to men. (2) In dealing with the problem of evil, it is often assumed that there are only two alternative solutions, *pessimism* or *optimism*, but a third, *meliorism*, has been suggested, and it is that which is presented to us. The writer does take the world and life seriously; sin, pain, sorrow, death, dread of judgment are real to him; no Christian Science vagaries would find any countenance in him; but he is no pessimist. The eternal

reality for him is not a blind striving will, or an unconscious; but the personal God—good, wise, holy, and, despite the appearances, almighty, belief in whom belonged to his Jewish inheritance, which remained unshaken by his acquisition of Gentile philosophy. For him, however, the reality of evil forbade the easy and shallow optimism, which constantly finds refuge from doubt and question in Browning's words: 'God's in His heaven, All's right with the world,' although Browning's poetry as a whole expresses no such philosophy. The writer saw a great deal wrong with the world, and needing to be righted. To say that the world is the worst of all possible worlds must to the serious, earnest mind seem often much nearer truth than to say that it is the best, although to say either shows an intellectual arrogance not to be desired, as what do we know about possible worlds? and the actual world is all we know. The most we can say, and it is enough for thought and life, is this, that we see that the world is being made better; and we hope that it will yet become the best we can conceive or desire (whether the best possible or not matters not to us). This attitude is *meliorism*, and it is the writer's. But meliorism may rest on the common vague belief in human progress, which there is so much in the world to contradict and challenge. Or it may be built on surer foundations, such as the writer in this passage lays for our faith.

(3) In dealing with his solution we may observe (i) first of all that he does not try to escape the difficulty, as recent newspaper correspondence has suggested it should be escaped, by surrendering the almightiness of God. The method adopted by God in bringing many sons to glory, is in the writer's judgment not incongruous, but appropriate for the omnipotent, for Him 'for whom are all things, and through whom are all things,' who is both final purpose and ultimate cause of all reality, with no force or fate distinct from Him, independent of Him, capable of resisting and conquering His will. That man's will can refuse and resist God's will the writer admits; but that conflict is in the ethical and not the cosmic realm. He does not invite us to abandon the first article of

the Apostles' Creed, 'I believe in God the Father almighty.' To abandon that belief is to surrender all security that the problem shall be solved at all. His implicit argument here may be made more explicit. For the solution of a problem essentially moral and religious, the means must be as the ends. God's physical omnipotence cannot bring many sons to glory: that can be accomplished only by making the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering. God's almightiness would be here irrelevant, even in the proper sense of the word, impertinent. God's goodness and wisdom direct, and are not controlled by His power.

(ii) *Secondly*, the writer here concentrates on the moral and religious problem, how men sinners can be made sons of God, and how so made they can be brought to the fulness of their life as the sons of God, as sharers in God's glory, His manifested perfection. This does not indicate any indifference or insensitiveness to physical evil, to pain as distinct from sin, but is a putting of first things first, as it is in the realm of the conscious, intelligent, voluntary, and personal, that the problem most presses, and the solution lies nearest. That problem solved, the other may be approached more hopefully and bravely. Further, the way in which that problem is solved, the recognition of the function of voluntary and vicarious suffering in man's salvation, leads to the conclusion that pain itself is not wholly evil, but subserves good.

(iii) The solution here offered, in the third place, brings before us illuminative principles. The Author of salvation is Himself made perfect for His saving ministry to men by His sufferings. He learns a sympathy which does not fall short of self-identification with man by sharing man's suffering to the uttermost. He learns an obedience which amounts to a self-identification with the saving will of God through His sufferings. Personality is perfected both manward and Godward by pain. This suffering is not only voluntary in love to God and man, it is vicarious. 'He tasted death for every man.' The sinless suffer that the sinful may be saved. Not only is personal character perfected, but social function is fully discharged in suffering. By that suffering an end that makes it more than worth while is achieved; 'many sons are brought to glory.' If we ask, Why does not God choose some other way? surely we

dare not press the question, when we recall that it was the Son of God, 'the effulgence of His glory, the express impress of His substance,' who so suffered. The way which God has chosen as His own way is not one that man can refuse to tread and so scorn God's companionship. This is the writer's meliorism, his contribution to the solution of the problem of evil in the world.

IV.

(1) The light that is thrown on the problem of evil by the Cross of Christ is not its primary purpose; its primary purpose is to deal with sin. It is because the writer shows how the sacrifice of Christ deals with a universal need in a universal way that we may speak of his *universalism*. It is true that his main argument in the Epistle deals with the relation of Christ, His sacrifice and His salvation, to the Jewish ritual; but apart from accidentals, in essentials his reasoning is applicable to all religions and their provision for dealing with man's sense of sin and desire for forgiveness and deliverance. Temple, priest, altar, sacrifice, prayer, these are general features of the religion of man; in the Jewish ritual there is focused, brought to clearer consciousness and more distinct expression, what is widely diffused in mankind. The sense of sin and the desire for forgiveness may not be prominent; the sin confessed may be ritual offence rather than moral transgression; the forgiveness importuned may be escape from penalty rather than restoration of God's fellowship; but, however inadequately conceived or imperfectly expressed, it is a common human need with which the writer is dealing, and for which he declares Christ alone has found the full satisfaction.

(2) We may in this connexion recall Harnack's observations: 'Those who judged this death as a sacrificial death, soon ceased to bring any other bloody offerings to God. . . . He who looks into history recognizes that the suffering of the righteous and the pure is salvation in history. . . . No "reasonable" reflection and no "logical" consideration will be able to eradicate from the moral ideas of humanity the conviction that unrighteousness and sin demand punishment, and that everywhere, when the righteous suffers, an atonement is accomplished, which brings shame and cleansing.'¹

¹ Harnack's *Das Wesen des Christentums*, 1900, pp. 99-100.

It is from the common conviction that atonement is necessary that the writer of the Epistle starts: 'All things are cleansed with blood, and apart from shedding of blood there is no remission' (9²²). This is axiomatic with him, not a problem to be solved, or a proposition to be proved. What modern theories of atonement are concerned about, why atonement is necessary, he takes for granted, as his readers also took for granted. Where he differs from his readers is in insisting 'that the suffering of the righteous and the pure is salvation,' although he concentrates this saving efficacy of personal sacrifice in Jesus Christ, as Harnack does not. Consequently he maintains that 'bloody offerings should cease to be offered to God'; Judaism should be abandoned for Christianity, the shadow for the very image of the good things to come (10¹).

(3) The appearance or illusion is throughout the argument opposed to the reality. 'If Joshua had given them rest, he would not have spoken afterward of another day. There remaineth therefore a sabbath rest for the people of God' (4^{8, 9}). The readers are exhorted to 'give diligence to enter into that rest' (v. 11). There is this rest, because in Christ there is the real high priest; as regards His nature, 'the Son of God,' the scene of His ministry 'the heavens,' His qualifications, perfect sympathy, and perfect obedience. 'We have not a high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but one that hath been in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin' (v. 15). The qualification of sympathy is more fully stated in the words: 'Wherefore it behoved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make propitiation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted' (2^{17, 18}). The qualification of obedience is insisted on with great boldness in a passage which seems to refer to the agony of Gethsemane: 'Who in the days of his flesh, having offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and having been heard for his godly fear, though he was a Son, yet learned obedience by the things which he suffered' (5^{7, 8}). It was because of this sympathy with man and obedience to God that He was made 'perfect through sufferings,' enabled in His sacrifice to 'taste death for every man,' and thus to become

the 'author of salvation . . . in bringing many sons unto glory' (2^{9, 10}). What gives the reality to the priesthood is that it is no external office, inherited, usurped, or granted by favour, but it is an inward vocation and qualification in experience and character.

(4) For the same reason the sacrifice is a real sacrifice, as no animal offering could possibly be. 'It is impossible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sins' (10⁴). God does not desire them, nor can He have any pleasure in them (v. 8). It is obedience alone that can and does satisfy God (v. 9). The writer does not link the two ideas of sympathy and obedience as giving its value to the Cross as closely together as our thought might desire. By His sympathy Christ so identified Himself with the lot of man, all the consequences of his sinfulness, that death for Him had the darkness and dread sin gives to it. By His obedience He so identified Himself with the will of God, that in submitting to death He approved in accepting it as the judgment of God on sin. Intercession accompanied sacrifice in the priest's mediation; and Christ, too, offers the real intercession. 'Christ entered not into a holy place made with hands, like in pattern to the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear before the face of God for us' (9²⁴). As He presents an adequate sacrifice, so He possesses an immediate contact with God Himself; and thus too He secures a complete salvation: 'Wherefore also he is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them' (7²⁵).

(5) The reality, in contrast to the shadow, of the priesthood, the sacrifice, and the intercession, is reflected in the Christian experience. Believers may 'draw near with boldness unto the throne of grace, that *they* may receive mercy, and may find grace to help in time of need' (4¹⁶). Whereas the Levitical sacrifices could not so cleanse as to leave 'no more conscience of sins' (10²), by the obedience of Christ in His sacrifice believers 'have been sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all' (v. 10). They can now draw near to God 'with a true heart in fulness of faith, having *their* hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and *their* bodies washed with pure water' (10²²). 'As an anchor of the soul,' they have a hope 'sure and steadfast and entering into that which is within the veil' (6¹⁹). For them Christ

is thus 'the mediator of a better covenant, which hath been enacted upon better promises' (8^o). There is much in the detail of the argument that now sounds unfamiliar to us, but the conclusion is one that has universal significance, that Christ

meets a universal need in a universal way, because in His sacrifice and salvation all is personal, ethical, and spiritual, appealing solely and wholly to the moral conscience and religious consciousness of mankind.

Literature.

THE SCHOLAR AS PREACHER.

'THE SCHOLAR AS PREACHER' series could scarcely have been representative without a volume by the Rev. Alfred E. Garvie, D.D., Principal of New College, London. For Dr. Garvie is unquestionably both a scholar and a preacher. He is a scholar in order that he may be a preacher; he preaches as only a scholar can preach.

The title of the volume is timely. It is *The Master's Comfort and Hope*. The sermons it contains are all based on texts taken from Jn 13⁸¹ to Jn 14⁸¹. In short, it is a connected series of sermons on the great comfortable chapter of the Bible, the resort and consolation of all mourning and anxious people in all the generations of the Christian era.

And how admirably Dr. Garvie expounds his text and applies its wealth of consolation. As the dedication tells us, he has learnt in suffering what he utters in sermon. If we were compelled to select a sermon for special approbation, we think we should select the twelfth. Its title is 'The Power of Prayer in Christ's Name.' The text we need not indicate.

THE STUDY OF CHRISTIANITY.

Under the editorship of Dr. Gerald Birney Smith, Professor of Christian Theology in the University of Chicago, a volume has been prepared to which contributions have been made by many of the best American scholars, and of which the purpose is to guide the student of Christianity, or of any aspect of Christianity, to the nature of the subject and the best literature upon it. The volume has been issued in this country by the Cambridge University Press. The title is *A Guide to the Study of the Christian Religion* (12s. 6d. net).

In every case the description of the subject to be studied, whether the Old Testament or the New, whether Early Christianity or Mediæval, whether Systematic Theology or Practical, is well done; in most cases it is a triumph of masterly condensation. The lists of literature could, of course, be criticised: who ever saw a list that could not? But the lists of literature also are the product of real scholarship and breadth of outlook.

THE IDEA OF GOD.

'There can, at least, be no doubt that the twentieth century opens with a very remarkable revival of general interest in philosophy; and, as I have tried to show, it is not the least hopeful sign of this movement that the impulse has come not so much from the professional philosophers as from men of science, in virtue of insights reached and problems raised in the progress of scientific thought. There is, doubtless, as always where a movement spreads to wider circles, much crude statement and wild theorizing by philosophically uninstructed writers. But there is a hopefulness even in the determination expressed in so many quarters to be done with academic tradition, and to discuss the universe from its foundations entirely without prejudice. There is a new spirit abroad in the philosophical world, a freshness of outlook, a contagious fervour, a sense of expectancy, which have long been absent from philosophical writing. The greater part of the nineteenth century was, philosophically, a period of reaction and criticism, an age great in science and in history, but suspicious of philosophy, distrustful of her syntheses, too occupied for the most part with its own concrete work to feel the need of them, and otherwise prone to take refuge in positivism or agnosticism. The philosophy of the century was in these circumstances mostly in a minor key, critical and historical

rather than creative, reviewing its own past and demonstrating the necessity of its own existence, rather than directly essaying the construction of experience. But now it seems as if, with a century's accumulation of fresh material, philosophy were girding herself afresh for her synthetic task.'

With these words Professor A. Seth Pringle-Pattison closes the fourth of his Gifford Lectures on *The Idea of God in the Light of Recent Philosophy* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; 12s. 6d. net). Now, it would be absurd to give the credit for this recovered interest in philosophy to any one man, but an unmistakable share of the credit is due to two men, to Professor William James of Harvard for his captivating command of language, and to Professor Pringle-Pattison himself for the clear and quiet method of his exposition and the sanity—the wholesomeness, we should like to call it—of his philosophical conclusions. His Aberdeen Gifford Lectures is only one of his works. It is just as comprehensible as the rest, just as clean-sweeping in the progress of its argument, just as convincing.

The Lectures move forward by criticism and construction. It is not possible to separate any number of them (say the First Course) and call them critical, while the rest are called constructive. Still, it is without doubt correct to say that the thirteenth Lecture contains the conclusion to which the first twelve look forward, and that the remaining seven look back to it and are there to strengthen its conclusion. What is the conclusion? We shall answer in a few selected sentences. 'As in the quest of beauty, so in the life of moral endeavour. The best and noblest looks up to a better and nobler; with a strange mingling of ardour and despair he strains his eyes towards an unapproachable perfection. Hence Browning's familiar paradox that life's success lies in its failures, and that the divine verdict, in contrast to the world's, is passed, not upon the paltry sum of a man's deeds and attainments, but upon the visions of goodness which were his own despair:

What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me.

Such a passage requires, of course, to be read with understanding. The question is not of the casual inoperative wish, or the formal acknowledgment of the more excellent way, on the part of those confirmed in self-indulgence. Obviously, where

there is no attempt, there can be no failure. It is the vision of goodness which has pierced a man with a sense of his own unworthiness, the ideal after which he has painfully limped—it is of these things that the poet speaks. And what I am concerned to emphasize is simply that, according to a doctrine of immanence rightly understood, man's 'reach' as well as his 'grasp' must be taken into account; for the presence of the ideal in human experience is as much a fact as any other. It is, indeed, much more; it is the fundamental characteristic of that experience.'

'Man's ideals are, in a sense, the creative forces that shape his life from within. They have brought him thus far, and they confer upon him the possibility of an endless advance. As Edward Caird puts it: "*Their* prophecies may be truer than history, because they contain something more of the divine than history has expressed as yet, or perhaps than it ever can fully express."

'Whence, then, are these ideals derived, and what is the meaning of their presence in the human soul? Whence does man possess this outlook upon a perfect Truth and Beauty and an infinite Goodness, the world of empirical fact being, as Bacon says, in proportion inferior to the soul? Man did not weave them out of nothing any more than he brought himself into being. "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves"; and from the same fontal Reality must be derived those ideals which are the master-light of all our seeing, the element, in particular, of our moral and religious life. The presence of the Ideal is the reality of God within us.'

'There can be no true doctrine of God which is not based on a true doctrine of man. Now the essence of human nature is just, as the poet expresses it,

Effort and expectation and desire
And something evermore about to be—

the contrast between the actual present and the unrealized future, passing into the deeper contrast between the "is" and the "ought-to-be," and the duality of what is commonly called the lower and the higher self, with the discord and the struggle thence resulting.'

'As soon as we begin to treat God and man as two independent facts, we lose our hold upon the experienced fact, which is *the existence of the one in the other and through the other*. Most people would

probably be willing to admit this mediated existence in the case of man, but they might feel it akin to sacrilege to make the same assertion of God. And yet, if our metaphysic is, as it professes to be, an analysis of experience, the implication is strictly reciprocal. God has no meaning to us out of relation to our own lives or to spirits resembling ourselves in their finite grasp and infinite reach; and, in the nature of the case, we have absolutely no grounds for positing his existence out of that reference.'

We have allowed the philosopher to speak for himself, brokenly, no doubt, but perhaps not mistakenly. We shall close with a short paragraph from a much earlier lecture: 'One thing at least the sequel should teach us—the faithlessness and the foolishness of despairing as to the future of the instincts and beliefs which constitute man's higher nature. These are indeed imperishable, the supreme example of that power of self-maintenance and of adaptation to changing circumstance which, science teaches us, is the characteristic of all that lives. Changes in our conception of nature may be fatal to one formulation after another; accidents of expression may drop away in deference to historical criticism, nay, much that *seemed* of the very essence of religious faith may have to be left behind. But each time that the earthly body of a belief is laid in the dust, it receives a more glorious spiritual body, in which it continues to function as of old in the heart of man. Timid theologians who tremble for the ark of God at every advance of scientific knowledge do but repeat the sacrilege of Uzzah in the sacred legend, smitten by the anger of heaven for his officious interference. Faith, which is an active belief in the reality of the ideal, is the very breath by which humanity lives, and it will reconstitute itself afresh as long as the race endures.'

SWINBURNE.

It is important, we are told, that a man should choose his parents well. It is scarcely less important that he should choose well his biographer. What some biographers would have made of *The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne* we shudder to think. What Mr. Edmund Gosse has made of it (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net) gives us the pleasure of a perpetual astonishment.

For Swinburne was simply an oddity. And he was an oddity not in appearance only, and not only

in manner, but also in mind and in spirit. Listen to Mr. Gosse himself—and remember that he never gives Swinburne away. This is their first meeting in 1870. 'I have to confess that there was something in his appearance and in his gestures which I found disconcerting, and which I have a difficulty in defining without a suspicion of caricature. He was not quite like a human being. Moreover, the dead pallor of his face and his floating balloon of red hair had already, although he was but in his thirty-third year, a faded look. As he talked to me, he stood, perfectly rigid, with his arms shivering at his sides, and his little feet tight against each other, close to a low settee in the middle of the studio. Every now and then, without breaking off talking or bending his body, he hopped on to this sofa, and presently hopped down again, so that I was reminded of some orange-crested bird—a hoopoe, perhaps—hopping from perch to perch in a cage. The contrast between these sudden movements and the enthusiasm of his rich and flute-like voice was very strange. In course of a little time, Swinburne's oddities ceased to affect me in the slightest degree, but on this first occasion my impression of them was rather startling than pleasant.'

About his outward appearance, and the occasional effect of it, there is a good story. 'Jowett determined that it would be best that Algernon should leave Oxford for a season, soon after entering his twenty-third year. He found an excuse for sending him to read modern history with William Stubbs, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, but then known as a learned young clergyman who had taken a country living that he might devote himself to the study of ecclesiastical registers. His parish was the strictly agricultural one of Navestock, near Romford in Essex, where he had quite recently married the mistress of the village school. To this amiable couple the republican was duly sent as a private pupil. Swinburne, a little in disgrace, but absolutely imperturbable, arrived at Navestock on a summer Saturday evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, on the supposition that he must be tired, kindly suggested that he should have his sleep out, and be excused from attending morning service in the parish church. The poet's breakfast was served in his bedroom, but when the vicar started for church Swinburne perceived that it was a glorious day, and reflected that it was a pity not to be out of doors. The vicarage of Navestock stands

close to the churchyard, and to approach the church from the village every one must pass the gate of the vicarage garden. Swinburne, who had a preference for strong colours, slipped his feet into a pair of scarlet slippers, arrayed himself in a crimson dressing-gown, and sauntered out into the garden. The bell now summoned the parish to its devotions, and it occurred to Swinburne that it would be interesting to see what sort of people went to church in Essex on Sunday mornings.

So, with the sun lighting up his great head of hair like a burning bush, with his robe all crimson to the ankles, and his vermilion shoes on his feet, he leaned pensively over the gate. The earliest worshippers began to come along the lane, but one and all stopped at a respectful distance, nor dared to pass the flaming apparition. Swinburne grew more and more interested in the silent, swelling crowd that now began to block the lane. Meanwhile there was an ecclesiastical deadlock; not a worshipper appeared in church, until Stubbs, at a loss to account for the absence of his parishioners, bade the clerk to ring again. Still no parishioners! But at last the boldest man in Navestock, fixing his eyes on the poet and hugging the farther hedge, made a bolt past for the churchyard, and the entire congregation followed him in a rush. Swinburne reflected "how oddly the Essex yokel takes his Sunday service," and then strolled back to the vicarage to dress for luncheon. This was his version of the incident, which Stubbs on his part was wont to tell in more or less similar terms.

As for Swinburne's mind and spirit, we have the poems, and we have many an outrageous scene described in the biography. He was apparently without either moral or religious sensibility, or as nearly so as a man outside a lunatic asylum can be. "In the summer of 1862 a distinguished party assembled at Fryston [Lord Houghton's place]; it included Venables, James Spedding, the newly appointed Archbishop of York (William Thomson), and Thackeray, the latter having brought his two young daughters, afterwards Lady Ritchie and Mrs. Leslie Stephen. Lady Ritchie recalls for me that the Houghtons stimulated the curiosity of their guests by describing the young poet, who was to arrive later. She was in the garden on the afternoon of his arrival, and she saw him advance up the sloping lawn, swinging his hat in his hand, and

letting the sunshine flood the bush of his red-gold hair. He looked like Apollo or a fairy prince; and immediately attracted the approval of Mr. Thackeray by the wit and wisdom of his conversation, as much as that of the two young ladies by his playfulness. On Sunday evening, after dinner, he was asked to read some of his poems. His choice was injudicious; he is believed to have recited "The Leper"; it is certain that he read "Les Noyades." At this the Archbishop of York made so shocked a face that Thackeray smiled and whispered to Lord Houghton, while the two young ladies, who had never heard such sentiments expressed before, giggled aloud in their excitement. Their laughter offended the poet, who, however, was soothed by Lady Houghton tactfully saying, "Well, Mr. Swinburne, if you *will* read such extraordinary things you must expect us to laugh." "Les Noyades" was then proceeding on its amazing course, and the Archbishop was looking more and more horrified, when suddenly the butler—"like an avenging angel," as Lady Ritchie says—threw open the door and announced, "Prayers! my Lord!"

That touches his moral sense. This his religious. It is a quotation from a letter addressed in 1875 to E. C. Stedman: 'A Theist I never was; I always felt by instinct and perceived by reason that no man could conceive of a *personal* God except by crude superstition or else by true supernatural revelation; that a natural God was the absurdest of all human figments; because no man could by other than apocalyptic means—that is, by other means than a violation of the laws and order of nature—*conceive* of any other sort of Divine purpose than man with a difference—man with some qualities intensified and some qualities suppressed—man with the good in him exaggerated and the evil excised. . . . But we who worship no material incarnation of any qualities, no person, may worship the Divine humanity, the ideal of human perfection and aspiration, without worshipping any god, any person, any fetish at all. Therefore I might call myself, if I wished, a kind of Christian (of the Church of Blake and Shelley), but assuredly in no sense a Theist.'

What has Mr. Gosse made of such a man? He has made him attractive, and even lovable. And he has written a biography that is quite likely to be read long after Swinburne's own writings are forgotten.

COMMUNITY.

Whatever else the future will demand of the Christian ministry, it will demand an interest in society. Already 'the social problem' has become the chief concern of some ministers, those especially who live in the great cities. It may be that it should never have become the chief concern of any minister of the Word and Sacraments. But in the future it will certainly become a concern, and a deep concern, of every person who is set apart for the gospel, wherever his lot is cast.

It would be wise therefore if ministers would prepare their minds by immediate study for the calls to be made upon them. What is Society? What is a Community? What is an Association? What is a State? These questions are all answered by Professor R. M. Maciver, D.Phil., in a very full and, we believe, very reliable volume of sociological study entitled *Community* (Macmillan; 12s. net). Dr. Maciver deals with those very terms throughout his book, and he begins with a definition of them. For it is just because they are familiar to us that they demand definition. The science of Sociology has its language already made; it is the language of the people, but it is used without precision. The first thing is to give a definite meaning to each word in common use.

What then is Society? 'Wherever living beings enter into, or maintain willed relations with one another, there society exists.'

And what is a Community? 'By a community I mean any area of common life, village, or town, or district, or country, or even wider area. To deserve the name community, the area must be somehow distinguished from further areas, the common life may have some characteristic of its own such that the frontiers of the area have some meaning. All the laws of the cosmos, physical, biological, and psychological, conspire to bring it about that beings who live together shall resemble one another. Wherever men live together they develop in some kind and degree distinctive common characteristics—manners, traditions, modes of speech, and so on. These are the signs and consequences of an effective common life. It will be seen that a community may be part of a wider community, and that all community is a question of degree.'

What is an Association? 'An association is an organisation of social beings (or a body of social

beings *as organised*) for the pursuit of some common interest or interests. It is a determinate social unity built upon common purpose.'

And what is a State? A State is a community, but the term is not synonymous with community. 'Every State has rigid territorial limits, but the modern world, marked off into separate States, is not partitioned into a number of isolated communities. We have already seen that community is a matter of degree, that it is a network of social interrelations, here denser, here thinner, whose ever new-woven filaments join men to men across countries and continents. The State, unlike community, is exclusive and determinate. Where one State ends, another begins; where one begins, another ends. No man can owe allegiance to two States, any more than he can serve two masters, but he can enter into the life of as many communities as his sympathies and opportunities will allow.'

These definitions are explained and defended, and their explanation and defence may be said to be the book. Many matters of most urgent moment arise in the course of it. 'Has the Community a mind?—that is one matter. 'Community is not an organic, it is a spiritual unity. It rests on the common and interdependent purposes of social beings. But community is not therefore to be thought of as a greater mind or soul. There are two forms of spiritual unity, one the indissoluble unity of the single mind, the other the unity—or rather the harmony—of minds in social relations. The two forms of unity are totally disparate, yet nothing is more common, or more fatal to a true perspective of community, than the confusion of them. Because a community is a union of minds, it is not therefore itself a mind. Such a statement seems so obvious, and yet the contrary statement is explicitly made by distinguished sociologists such as M. Durkheim, and distinguished psychologists such as Mr. William M'Dougall.'

Another pressing question is the meaning of Nationality and its future. 'The intense consciousness of nationality, like the intense consciousness of race with which it is so easily confused, represents a stage in social development, and is the means by which a widened form of social unity is maintained. It fulfils a double service. Negatively, it is an important protest against *false* universal claims, the claim, for instance, of political Rome over the world, or, again, the claim of

ecclesiastical Rome over the world. It was largely through the spirit of nationality that these claims were overthrown. Positively, it provides a ground for the union of localities and for the reconciliation of classes, often in the past so widely separated in interests, giving a somewhat vague though often very effective sentimental community to those divided by hard distinctions of class, station, and culture. The idea of nationality is thus, on the other hand, an expression of the widened social thoughts of men. Again, and in consequence, the principle of nationality enables those who share it to unite effectively for the common pursuit of the concrete interests which also they share. It is the basis on which men build the association of the State, on which, through its aid, they realize in harmony that community of human interests which is deeper than all the differences of men.'

These references and quotations are enough to show that Professor Maciver is a clear thinker, and that a careful study of his book will give the necessary knowledge and confidence to those who have to apply the principles of sociology to daily life.

BALDER THE BEAUTIFUL.

Dr. Rendel Harris, before going out to the East, to be torpedoed both going and coming, published a volume and gave it the title of *The Ascent of Olympus* (Longmans; 5s. net). It is an inquiry in Dr. Rendel Harris's manner, both erudite and alluring, into the origin of two Greek gods and two Greek goddesses, the gods being Dionysos and Apollo, and the goddesses Artemis and Aphrodite.

They are all traced to vegetables. They are vegetables. Dionysos is the ivy, Apollo the apple, Artemis the mugwort, Aphrodite the mandrake. For these vegetables had all healing properties, even magical and supernatural properties, and what is supernatural is to be worshipped, and what is worshipped (being personified) is a god. It is simple, the astonishment is that it is convincing. Dr. Rendel Harris never confounds his facts with his theories. He tells us plainly when he knows and when he speculates. And as we follow him breathlessly we gather stores of useful information and, better, stores of fruitful suggestion. It is impossible to quote his facts within a short compass, they are so indissoluble. Let us quote one of his speculations.

'Every one knows the Norse story of Balder the Beautiful, and of his death at the hand of the blind god Holdur, who, at Loki's malicious suggestion, shot him with an arrow of mistletoe. No one has been able to explain the myth of the death of Balder, but there have been various parallels drawn between the beautiful demi-god of the North and the equally beautiful Apollo among the Olympians: etymology has also been called in to explain Balder in terms of brightness and whiteness, and so to make him more or less a solar personage: but nothing very satisfactory has yet been arrived at. The Balder myth stands among the unsolved riddles of antiquity, complicated by various contradictory story-tellings, and apparently resisting a final explanation. Grimm was of the opinion that there was a Germanic Balder named Paltar, who corresponded to the Norse Balder, thus throwing the myth back into very early times indeed; and he brought forward a number of considerations in support of his theory, of greater or less validity.

'It has occurred to me that, perhaps, the *Apel-dur*, *Apel-dre*, and *Appeldore*, which we have been considering, may be the origin of Balder, and of the Paltar of Grimm's hypothesis, in view of the occurrence of the corresponding forms mentioned above in the Middle High Dutch. If, for instance, the original accent in *apple* (*abál*) is, as stated above, on the second syllable, then it would be easy for a primitive *apál-dur* to lose its initial vowel, and in that case we should not be very far from the form Balder, which would mean the apple-tree originally and nothing more. That the personified apple-tree should be killed by an arrow of mistletoe is quite in the manner of ancient myth-making; and the parallels which have sometimes been suggested between Balder and Apollo would be not parallels but identities. Apollo would be Balder, and Balder Apollo.'

LIVELY RECOLLECTIONS.

The Rev. Canon John Shearme has named his book of memories *Lively Recollections* (Lane; 5s. net), and he has named it well. There is not a dull page in it. The personal element is always present, giving human interest. And it is always present inoffensively. For in all the book there is neither foolish vanity nor mock modesty, to disturb the reader's enjoyment.

Canón Shearme has had to do with celebrities

not a few, right up to the highest in the land. When he was an undergraduate in Oxford he had this experience: 'One day I was hurrying to drill. Swinging along St. Aldgate's, rifle in hand, I suddenly came into collision with a young man rounding the corner of Carfax, and my rifle ran into him and momentarily deprived him of his breath. I apologized profusely and helped him to recover himself. It was not till he had walked some paces on his way that I recognized the dog and the person of His Royal Highness [the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII.]. When next we met in the street, the Prince smiled good-humouredly and said, "I think I will give you a wide berth!" He knew me very well by sight, as I belonged to a glee club which often sang before him.'

If you think that that points to awkwardness or ungallantry, listen to this. The Queen and Prince Albert came to Oxford to see their son. 'They paid a visit to Christ Church, and the great gates of Tom were closed to prevent the crowd from following them. I, however, having made friends with a detachment of police, who furnished me with a long staff, entered with them into Tom Quad, and from thence found my way to the library, whither the Queen had gone; and I waited on the steps outside. Just before Her Majesty reappeared from the library, a slight shower of rain fell, wetting the pavement. Inspired by the example of Sir Walter Raleigh, I hastily whisked off my gown and spread it out for the Queen to step on, which she did, to my great pride and delight. Small wonder that my gown, hallowed by the touch of Her Majesty's feet, became a coveted treasure. It soon mysteriously disappeared from my possession, and I saw it no more!'

Such lively recollections as these run right through the book. In later years Canon Shearme preached before Her Majesty, dined with Her Majesty, and after dinner told Her Majesty stories, so that 'the Queen laughed very heartily and the Empress Frederick drew near to join in the fun.'

Here is an illustration of a Scripture text—have you ever seen a prettier? 'In August, 1880, Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, being somewhat out of health, came down to Holmbury to recover, and on one Saturday during his stay a Cabinet Council was held there, at which the Duke of Argyll; Lord Granville, Foreign Secretary; John Bright, and several other members of the Government were present.

'Early on Sunday morning, August 15th, I received a note from Mr. Leveson-Gower asking me to reserve two pews for his guests. Now our church was a free and open one, and so strongly did Mr. Street, its founder, feel with regard to this matter that he had placed a marble tablet in the ante-chapel with the following text engraved upon it:

"If there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool; Are ye not then partial in yourselves, and become judges of evil thoughts? Jas. ii. 2, 3, 4."

'This being the case, I referred the matter to my churchwardens, Mr. Street and Mr. Frank Walton, R.I., the well-known landscape painter. They consulted together, and feeling that a principle was involved, courteously replied to Mr. Leveson-Gower that no seats could be reserved, but that they would undertake to find sufficient room for his guests if they arrived in good time before the service. And so it happened that, on that and many other occasions, peer and peasant were seated side by side in the church.'

Once, we think, Canon Shearme's memory must be at fault. One of those who attended church on the occasion just referred to was John Bright. 'I could not help noticing the enormous size of John Bright's broad-brimmed hat, which he deposited on the floor outside his seat. I think it would have taken any two ordinary heads to fill it.' The 'enormous size' is all right, but not the 'broad-brim,' for Mr. Trevelyan in his *Life of John Bright* assures us that he never wore a broad-brimmed hat. Canon Shearme has got the idea from *Punch*, where (in order to show that Bright was a Quaker) the broad-brimmed hat always appeared.

A MYSTICAL LIFE OF CHRIST.

A mystical Life of Christ has been written by 'Elizabetha,' and published by Messrs. Kegan Paul under the title of *The Prophet of Nazareth* (6s. net). It is neither historical nor critical; it is neither devotional nor practical. It is mystical. Every act of the Life of the Master is dealt with

mystically, the outward fact being always considered of any account solely because it contains the inner secret.

Take the chapter 'Concerning the Resurrection.' It opens in this way: 'Taken literally, the "resurrection," the arising, or *reappearance* of the Master after the "decease"—though in His case disappearance of the purely physical form—was no new thing. Such manifestations, in lesser degree, had occasionally taken place long before, and have taken place since. After the cruel murder, for instance, of Thomas à Becket, he showed himself in vision to one of the devoted monks who had sought to protect him from his assailants, saying, "I am not dead," and pointed to his partly healed wounds. The monk was able to see the martyr and to hear his message. For the wounds of the physical body remain for a time as scars upon the more spiritual astral form. And in the case of a Master, a phantasmal body, appearing and disappearing, can be used at will. The "perfect" possess these powers. But a far deeper truth lies here. And it lies in the "resurrection" of the God within the man, the victory of the divine life—through sacrifice—of the Eternal One, the triumph of the true Life over Death, as casting out the perishable surroundings of earth. For the "dead" are they who slumber in the physical world, amid its fleeting dream-illusions, and who realize not the high planes of life and being to which man may attain when he overcomes the lower lives, and realizes and enters into the true kingdom of spiritual existence.'

Again, and a little further on: 'When the great work of initiation is in process, and little by little the outer and lower world to which we cling (knowing no other through the physical senses) recedes before the power and glory of a higher estate dawns—then comes the darkness. "*Why hast Thou forsaken me?*" is the cry of him around whom all things seem to fade and fall into ruins; and even in that supreme hour of sacrifice and renunciation the work of transmutation is achieved, and "*it is finished.*"

'From that time the man is a son of the Father, and appears and lives under other conditions. And he attains ever higher planes of knowledge, perception and power. The matter of the physical world at last is in his grasp; he comes and goes at will, and whither he would, knowing no hindrances, and no barriers. He knows how to use

his vehicles, to wear this garment, or that. By the "perfect" the phantasmal form can be used which appears and disappears, and can assume solidity. He has won true wisdom and an eternal victory, and "as within, so without."

Has this ever been done before, or done so minutely? It is a very closely printed octavo volume of nearly five hundred pages.

ST. OPTATUS.

St. Optatus was Bishop of Milevis. He wrote a book against the Donatists. It is a scarce book. It is scarce in any language. Until 1870 even the original Latin was out of reach of all persons who had not access to the largest libraries. It could be found in Migne's *Patrologia Latina*, but how many persons possess a Migne? Now, however, the Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, B.A., has published an English version with Notes and Appendixes of *The Work of St. Optatus, Bishop of Milevis, against the Donatists* (Longmans; 12s. 6d. net), and the least known of all the Fathers of the Church may be well known easily.

Why should Optatus be studied? Because he wrote so emphatically about the Church. That is his subject. He wrote that the Church, 'she and she alone is One; she and she alone is truly Catholic. In fact this is her name—*Catholica*. She alone is Apostolic—Apostolic for this reason, that all over the world ("ubique") her children are in communion with the *Cathedra Petri*, the See of that Apostle to whom alone the Lord promised the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven—the See "against which to contend is sacrilege." And writing so about the Church, he wrote similarly about the Sacraments. He 'affirms explicitly the truth of Baptismal Regeneration; again and again makes reference to the Sacrifice of the Altar; states the doctrine of the Real Presence in words that are incapable of any misunderstanding.'

That is the reason why Mr. Vassall-Phillips has translated St. Optatus and annotated him. In some other matters he does not approve of his saint. St. Optatus 'argued that "perchance" the sufferings of the Donatists were "by the will of God," and endeavoured to justify them by several parallels from the Old Testament.' That seems to his translator 'exceedingly regrettable,' but even for that he finds excuse in the circumstances and in the clearness of his declarations about the Church.

The translation is well made, not too literal and not too fine: we have compared it here and there with Migne. The notes, too, are scholarly and useful. Look, for example, at the long note on page 50 on the different meanings of the expression 'Catholic Church.' At the end of the volume there is a fine reproduction of a map of ecclesiastical Africa: the date is 1702.

The Rev. E. A. L. Clarke, A.K.C., has 'composed, translated, and compiled' *The People's Missal*, and Mr. Allenson has published it in a form that will at least command attention to it. For it is beautifully printed on India paper, and it is illustrated by charming reproductions of Frederic Shield's pictures in the chapel of the Ascension, Bayswater (5s. net).

But what is the People's Missal? 'The People's Missal follows the Order of the Administration of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion, according to the use of the Church of England, with customs appropriate to English worship, as anciently at Sarum; and with private devotions for priest and people, in maintenance of Common Prayer.' It contains (1) the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels from the Book of Common Prayer and other Proper of Seasons; (2) Collects and Lections supplementary to the Book of Common Prayer, suggested for private devotion; (3) Collects and Occasional Prayers for Memorials at the Divine Service; (4) Eucharistic Devotions according to the Day of the Week; (5) Additional Prayers and Personal Devotions; (6) Prayers of the Passion; (7) Cautels from the Sarum Missal; (8) the Duties of the Ministers at a Solemn Eucharist; and (9) the Canon of the Holy Sacrifice.

The new number of the *Transactions of the Baptist Historical Society* (Bapt. Union Pub. Dep.; 6s. net), contains no fewer than ten articles, together with the title-page and index to the fifth volume. Among the articles there is one, most useful, on Baptist Periodicals. We hope the Editor will complete it some day.

Not for war recipes but for most useful and surprising information on food for all time, consult *One Hundred Points in Food Economy*, by J. Grant Ramsay, F.R.E.S. (Bell; 1s. net).

It is no doubt under the influence of the war and its problems that Mr. C. Delisle Burns has written a book on *Greek Ideals* (Bell; 5s. net). From beginning to end he seems to set our ideals by the side of the ideals of the Athenians, and he means that we should learn the lessons of the comparison and the contrast.

What were the Greek Ideals? First, a life in society, and a character completely social. Secondly, society religious, a religious union, expressing its religious life in its festivals. Thirdly, room left for free local development and for the beginnings of individual liberty. Those are the principal matters. But there were other ideals, such as that of a sane mind in a sane body. They are all described by Mr. Burns with easy command of language and of knowledge.

And on the whole with truth. But he has his prejudices. One is violent. Let us have it in his own words lest we misrepresent him: 'Preaching was, happily, unknown in Athens. When Greeks spoke of teaching they generally meant an incitement to creative and spontaneous thought, not an inculcation of precepts or a repeating of information; but preaching as distinct from teaching is generally a rhetorical obfuscation of already obsolete issues by a person secure from immediate criticism or questioning. So great is the confusion of modern terms that those who desire a serious drama seem to imagine that the stage should be used as a pulpit. It may be so; although it seems unfair that those who have escaped from being preached to death by a mad curate should find themselves in a theatre the victims of a tub-thumper. In any case there is nothing Greek about that kind of didactic drama. The whole festival of Dionysus is a repudiation of such dry-as-dust moralising. For when the Greeks looked to the poets for teaching, they expected to be roused to thought and induced to criticise not only their teachers but the gods themselves.'

Who will take offence at such outspokenness? Only those who deserve it. It is a fine sympathetic study of a subject which we cannot spend too much time in studying if we are to be fit to take our place in the social life that is to be ours when the war is over.

Six lectures on 'Ancient Buddhism as a Discipline of Salvation' were delivered by Professor L. de la Vallée Poussin, under the Hibbert Foundation, in

the spring of last year. They are now published at the Cambridge University Press under the title *The Way to Nirvana* (4s. 6d. net). Now Professor Poussin is our very first Buddhist scholar. His knowledge of Ancient Buddhism is not only unsurpassed but probably unsurpassable. His enthusiasm is inexhaustible. And he can speak and write good English. This is the book to read and rely upon. There are more pitfalls for the unwary in the study of Buddhism than of any other religion. What is known is known to Professor Poussin and no one need fear to trust him.

The four lectures on *The Increase of True Religion* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 2s. net), which Dr. W. Cunningham addressed to the Clergy and Church Workers of the Archdeaconry of Ely, must have called upon every ounce of their hearers' mind to follow them. For they carry an argument right through from the beginning of the first lecture to the end of the last; and the sentences are sometimes long and difficult. But they are good to read. The thought is clear, the language is lofty, the subject is of surpassing consequence. What must we do that when the war is over we may be able to preach Christ better than ever we preached Him before? There are four answers, and these four are one. First, we must learn the truth until we know it; next, we must hold it with assurance; thirdly, we must make one truth a stepping-stone to another and higher truth; and lastly, we must be personally powerful and attractive.

A volume of quite unexpected interest (at least to the theologian) has been issued from the Cambridge University Press under the title of *Science and the Nation* (5s. net). It contains a series of papers contributed by leading specialists in scientific research, together with an Introduction by Lord Moulton. The editor is the Master of Downing College, Mr. A. C. Seward, F.R.S.

The purpose of the contributions is to draw attention to the national value of Pure Science. The war has driven us to the necessity of encouraging the Applied Sciences. But every step in the progress of Applied Science depends upon a previous step in the study of Pure Science. This fact is brought out clearly and convincingly by nearly all the contributors, and it is a fact of very remarkable interest. It is imperative therefore

that after the war the State should be generous as never before in the encouragement of Chemistry, Metallurgy, Mathematics, and other forms of pure research work.

The authors of these articles are not only eminent in their own branch of Science; they can also write well, some of them exceedingly well. A more delightful article as pure literature than that of Professor Bragg on 'Physical Research' we have not read for some time. And yet Mr. Rosenhain's article on 'The Modern Science of Metals' is scarcely less delightful. Our Professors of English Literature will have to 'go to the Front.'

Are the men who return from the battle to return better men or worse? No one, no chaplain who has studied the matter, seems able to decide. A book is issued by two chaplains, able men and unprejudiced, the Rev. T. W. Pym and the Rev. Geoffrey Gordon, but they cannot decide. They call their book *Papers from Picardy* (Constable; 4s. 6d. net). And never did chaplains write with more sense of responsibility, with more feeling for reality. But they do not altogether agree. Both discuss the discipline of the army, Will it be good for the men in the future? Mr. Pym on the whole says No, Mr. Gordon on the whole says Yes. Mr. Gordon does not seem to agree entirely with himself. In one place he says, 'We are often told that the men who have faced death in the trenches will return to civil life with a quickened spiritual outlook. It is possible, and in the case of some it is certain, but on the other hand the material ugliness of war is here so horribly in the foreground that it is just as likely that in many of us, our sense of the spiritual will be, not awakened, but deadened.' In another place he speaks of 'devotion to a cause that outweighs and overrides the claims of self-interest as the main cause of the great uplift that has been given to men's characters in these last two years of war.' Yet it is a book of quite exceptional value—so honest are these two chaplains and so unusually well informed.

Mr. Walter M. Gallichan is a ready writer of popular books on life and conduct. His latest volume he calls *Life Enjoyable* (Grafton; 3s. 6d. net). He believes that we may all enjoy life, but we must set about it in the right way. It is his business in this book to show us what that way is.

There is a Street Children's Union in Birmingham and it has a magazine. To the magazine certain eminent men and women have contributed articles on the treatment of street boys and girls during the war. The most original of the articles is 'The Way to Laugh,' by Mr. W. Pett Ridge. The idea is that the superintendent of a Union, or other Mission should be able to make the members (especially if they are boys) laugh 'when he cares to.' It is the way to maintain discipline. And Mr. Pett Ridge is right. But you have first to find your superintendent.

Well, all these articles are now gathered into a volume which is called *War and the Citizen* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). It contains a portrait of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, because he has contributed an Introduction to it.

The new part of *Ancient Egypt* (Macmillan; 2s.)—it is Part I., 1917—arrests the eye at once through the beautiful plate in colour of water lilies of Ancient Egypt which forms its frontispiece. Then comes the article on the water lilies by Dr. W. D. Spanton, well written and well illustrated throughout—quite enough to give distinction to this part and enlargement of circulation to the quarterly. Few quarterlies can afford to offer such fine work as this. There is also, however, in this part 'An Architectural Sketch at Sheikh Said,' by N. de Garis Davies, and an article by Professor Flinders Petrie himself on 'Egypt and Mesopotamia'—not to be missed in the present expectation.

How does Kultur differ from Culture? The best answer is Professor John Burnet's in *Higher Education and the War* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). Dr. Burnet's object is the encouragement of a perplexed nation in the use of Greek and Latin as instruments of a liberal education. And a fine generous case he makes out. But, as the way of the best educators is, he drops valuable information at every step; and amongst other valuable items he tells us clearly the difference between Kultur and Culture. In a word, Kultur is national, Culture is patriotic, and 'it is an ill day for a people when it mistakes nationalism for patriotism.'

Mr. William Scott Palmer is one of the contributors to *Faith or Fear*. He has now written a book of his own, and called it *Providence and Faith* (Macmillan; 2s. 6d. net). A very modern

book it is, and yet it is very loyal to the Christian Gospel. The author is more drawn to the Gospel than to the Churches which offer it or the Creeds which contain it. Yet he has a creed of his own. Perhaps he would accept this prayer as the expression of it. 'I remember,' he says, 'the "Gorsedd Prayer," a copy of which has just been sent me by an Irish friend, and which runs thus:

Grant, O God, thy protection;
And in protection, strength;
And in strength, understanding;
And in understanding, knowledge;
And in knowledge, knowledge of the Just;
And in knowledge of the Just, love of it;
And in that love, the love of all existences;
And in the love of all existences, the love
of God and all goodness.'

Part of Mr. Palmer's creed (to be more precise) is the identification of the risen Christ with the Holy Spirit. Will that stand? Turn to the accomplished theologian. In Professor William Morgan's new book on *The Religion and Theology of Paul* we find the identification stated unreservedly. For Paul, says the theologian, it will certainly stand. So this is not a heretical book, but it is very modern and it is very outspoken.

In order to discuss the social problems of the day a small group of scholarly men have formed themselves into a Collegium; and now they have published the first-fruits of their discussion in the form of a volume with the title of *Competition* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net). The volume contains ten papers. No names are attached to the papers, but five names are given on the title-page: John Harvey, J. St. G. C. Heath, Malcolm Spencer, William Temple, and H. G. Wood—and we are told that after the papers were written by these men separately they were discussed by the whole Collegium, and accepted as expressing the united opinion.

The social problem is caused by competition. Get competition right and social life will be right. But how? The answer is by fellowship. Explain and encourage fellowship, in the home life and in business life, and the problem will be solved. And that is another way of saying explain and encourage the Christian life. For 'the Christian Church stands for an ideal of fellowship which is ignored and indeed denied and violated by the competitive

system of industry and the existing social order. If she be true to herself, the Church must proclaim her standard, and make men uncomfortable concerning the plain contradictions that subsist between our political and industrial life on the one hand, and our religious and moral ideal on the other.'

It is certainly a notable book. It is notable for much, especially for the unembittered but keenly-felt sense of responsibility that runs throughout it.

The Rev. Charles Jerdan, LL.B., D.D., is a writer of sermons for children. He has written and published so many that he might almost be called the writer of sermons for children of our day. We have been curious to know how he preaches to adults. We know now. He has issued a volume—handsome and attractive—containing a selection of the sermons which he has preached to his adult congregations during fifty years of ministry. 'A Ministerial Jubilee volume, 1867-1917,' he calls it. The title is *The Wells of Salvation* (Oliphants; 3s. 6d. net).

The adult sermons are extraordinarily like the children's sermons. Is it the case, after all, that his children's sermons are really adult sermons? That cannot be, for men have told us that they found his sermons for children the best of any for suggesting sermons to their own children. It must be that he considers his people just grown-up children, and, preaching always the simplicity that is in Christ, can call the sermon by any name he pleases. He could not very well address the sermon on 'We spend our years as a tale that is told' to children, but he can preach it, and does preach it, so that the children also will listen to it.

A man's sermons, however many they be, are like a man's children. How could Dr. Jerdan slay so many innocents as to save alive only thirty out of fifty years' preaching? How could he do it?

It is easy to write short Bible biographies and be interesting. The literature is plentiful, the interest of man in man is unailing. But just as difficult is it to make progress in such writing. And what is the use of writing at all if it leaves us where it found us? The Rev. Harrington C. Lees, M.A., has written a book on *St. Paul's Friends* (R.T.S.; 3s. 6d. net), and has made progress. Try the biography of Luke, for example. Every item of knowledge unearthed by the research

of recent years has been appropriated, and in addition to that every text has been independently studied by an alert and furnished mind. The result is a Luke with a new face and a richer personality.

The Rev. Richard Free, M.A., B.D., F.R. Hist. S., Vicar of St. Clement's, Fulham, has written a book about the Church of England, its Parochial System, its Privileges, its Responsibilities, its Workers, and (its) War. And as he has written it for the people he calls it popularly *A Flight of Arrows* (Scott; 2s. net).

Six 'Sermons in Bad Times' have been preached by the Rev. F. A. Screeton, M.A., Vicar of Seacombe, and published with the title *The Nation's Need of Prophets* (Scott; 3s. net). That is really the title of the first sermon, but it serves for the whole; for the others are all national and prophetic. What, then, are the marks of a prophet? These two: Leadership and Reality. With these we shall win the world for Christ.

The Rev. James Stark, D.D., has published many books, mostly biographies. Why has he never until now published a volume of sermons? He knows that he is a preacher, acceptable especially to young men and women. Surely it is a case of mistaken modesty that he who knew all about the making of a book never made a book of his best preaching material? But he has done it at last—*The Lord is my Strength and Song* (Aberdeen: W. Smith & Sons; 2s. 6d. net)—and it is quite up to expectation. Sound in the faith, shot through with a knowledge of the human heart, expressed in chosen language. These gifts go to explain the secret of Dr. Stark's charm for men and women in their early life. But the charm of charms is his sincerity. Every word he utters rings true.

A new edition has been issued of *The Apocalypse of Baruch* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). Rather is it Dr. Charles's edition reissued with a most valuable new Introduction. The author of the Introduction is Dr. W. O. E. Oesterley, who has given himself so unreservedly to apocryphal and apocalyptic scholarship, and who, along with Mr. Box, edits the series of 'Texts important for the Study of Christian Origins,' to which the little book belongs.

In the same volume is printed an English

translation of 'The Assumption of Moses,' by William John Ferrar, M.A., with Introduction and Notes.

Professor H. F. B. Compston, M.A., of King's College, London, has told the story of a great charity, *The Magdalen Hospital* (S.P.C.K.; 7s. 6d. net). It is told in a handsome volume, quaintly illustrated, and no doubt it is good enough for all the care that has been given to it.

The Magdalen Hospital is known in the history of literature, especially Johnsonian literature, through what Mr. Compston calls 'the strange case of Dr. Dodd.' On that case he spends a whole chapter—and it is well spent. What a story! Only the more amazing the more fully it is told. That chapter alone gives the book a strong human interest.

If there was one bad, how many good men and true, and women also (all good), there have been at the Magdalen Hospital. Their portraits and their memoirs are here.

Mr. Israel Zangwill delivered the Conway Memorial Lecture at South Place Institute on March 8, 1917. Its subject was *The Principle of Nationalities*. It is now issued by Messrs. Watts & Co. (9d. net). It is a pressing subject, and far more difficult to understand than we think. Let us try to understand it, that we may take an intelligent interest in the Balkan and other questions when the war is over. Let us read Mr. Zangwill's lecture.

This is a sad time for the secularist. There is of course always 'the decay of churchgoing' to rejoice in. But the life of religion, which it is his

business to put an end to, was never more vigorous and never more Christian. How openly Philosophy has come into touch with Christ may be seen in the most recent of the Gifford Lectures by Professor Pringle-Pattison. The approach of Science is still more evident. No doubt the secularist can count his thousands among half-educated youths; but it can be no joy to find that as these youths grow in understanding they leave the secularist literature behind them.

It is the desire of Mr. Joseph McCabe to be read by the philosopher and the scientist. What qualifications has he? He will tell us himself. 'The accidents of life,' he says, 'led me, first, as an ecclesiastical professor, to acquire a thorough command of theology, church-history, and religious philosophy, and then to spend twenty years in the study of science and history. It has therefore been my good fortune to have leisure to study minutely every aspect of the religious controversy.' More than that, Mr. McCabe can put a good face upon things. He knows that the world is not going well for secularism, and so he calls his new book *The Bankruptcy of Religion* (Watts; 5s. net). It is as clever as its title, and as irrelevant. Instead of considering, as so thorough a scholar ought to do, why people will persist in being religious after all that he has written against religion, he spends his space in asserting that they are not religious. Yet the book is far from being a failure. From first to last there is an evidently sincere and even urgent note of concern for morality. And thus the conviction is made stronger than ever that if religion without morality is not true religion, as it certainly is not, morality without religion is incredible in theory and impossible in practice.

Contributions and Comments.

Jael the Blessed.

I.

WILL you allow me a few words of remonstrance with regard to the estimate of Jael in 'A Study in Early Ethics,' pp. 349-354 of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for May? The ancient Semitic law about protecting a stranger who once has gained admission to your tent is surely subordinate to the

equally ancient and still binding law that the said strangers must refrain from passing the curtain or 'purdah' which separates the men's apartments from those of the women. It may be, in truth, only a thin rag which protects the reputation of matrons and maidens alike, quite as effectually as if it were built of adamant. Many Christian writers, even if they have travelled in Eastern lands, cannot rid themselves of Western ideas, and make the same mistake, attributing to Jael

falsehood and treachery to which she was a complete stranger. When Sisera, at first uninvited, and flying before his enemies, made a cowardly rush into Jael's sleeping tent, he threw a foul stain on her honour and reputation which only blood could wash out, the blood of Heber, or of Jael herself. She would probably not be allowed time, when her husband returned, to explain how the cowardly oppressor came to be there, and driven to desperation, conceived the idea, new to a woman, of vindicating her own honour.

How strong the protection of a few yards of cloth may be! This can be illustrated by an episode which occurred to my sister and myself during our second journey through the Sinai desert in 1893. I had in 1892 discovered the ancient Syriac MS. of the four Gospels, and we were returning to the convent accompanied by three Cambridge scholars who had agreed to share between them work of deciphering and copying it, two of them being accompanied by their wives. This necessitated our having three sleeping-tents for ourselves; the use of the dining-tent being given to Rendel Harris, while the dragoman and his Egyptian servants slept in the kitchen tent. Each member of our party had already paid to the dragoman half of what he had agreed by contract to do; and the dragoman had promised that none of us should be held responsible for the safety of this money during the journey. But he unhappily quarrelled with the Bedawin on the first day, and at night they had a hand in pitching our tents. The dragoman, an Egyptian, came to Mrs. Gibson and me, and begged that it might lie in our sleeping tent—it being all in silver coins. We remonstrated, urging that he was exposing us to a danger which we had expressly guarded against by contract; that we did not possess a single defensive weapon; and that one of the other bedroom tents, in which a European gentleman slept, would be far more suitable. 'You need no protection beyond Moslem law and custom,' we were told. 'No Arab will ever set a foot inside your tent, even to steal. He would be accursed for ever if he did, an outcast from his tribe, an outcast from Paradise.' So we yielded, and lost not a moment's sleep in consequence. If this perhaps unwritten law has power to guard a heap of silver coins in the nineteenth century, surely it had some power in the days when Deborah sang; and I cannot help honouring Jael as the first woman who asserted her most elementary

right, that of vindicating her own reputation during the absence of her husband. Any invitation of hers to Sisera had been given under the compulsion of terror. I therefore follow Deborah in giving her the title of 'Blessed.'

AGNES SMITH LEWIS.

Cambridge.

II.

A good many years ago I heard an explanation of this incident given by a certain Mr. Schor—with whose name many of your readers may be familiar—from his intimate knowledge of the habits of Bedouin tribes. The points that struck me as specially interesting and illuminative are as follows:

1. The 'Nail.' This was a tent-peg, lying ready to her hand as the instrument for her murder of Sisera.

2. 'Butter in a lordly dish.' Mr. Schor denied that this argues an unusual generosity of hospitality, as is commonly understood, or that it implies aggravated treachery on the part of Jael. Often no water is to be found where the tents are pitched, and the only drink available is procured from goats' milk, which is kept in large bowls. At the present day the Arabs use a similar preparation, I believe, called *labban*—a kind of curd. Jael, therefore, did not go out of her way to offer Sisera more splendid entertainment than he asked for; she only gave him what she had—'goats' milk curd in a large bowl.'

3. Her motive. The Bedouin tents, we were told, are divided into two, an external compartment, which is general, and an inner one, reserved for the women. It was into this that Sisera went, thinking to make his concealment more certain, as, though his pursuers might search the outer compartment, they would not violate the secrecy of the inner one. His presence there placed Jael in a predicament, and she feared that when her husband returned, she would come under grave suspicion, and her life might be forfeit by an act of summary justice at the hands of Heber. It was her life or Sisera's, and she determined to give the most practical proof she could of her innocence by slaying him as he lay. He had outraged her hospitality, and by his violation of one of the most cardinal rules of propriety, had forfeited the rights of sanctuary.

Mr. Schor further told us that on one occasion, when conducting a party of tourists, to whom he had been giving this explanation of the story of Jael, they came upon a Bedouin encampment. Proposing to put what he had been saying to a practical test, he went up to some of the Bedouin, and, telling them the story as it stands, he asked, 'Why did she kill him?' Immediately they replied, 'He must have gone into the women's part of the tent.' And for them this was sufficient explanation and excuse.

Trusting this may be interesting to your readers.

T. L. TURNER.

Darvel, Ayrshire.

Martha and Mary.

LECTURING to a large class of students—young women—on the life of Christ, and speaking of the incident of Martha and Mary, I expressed some sympathy with Martha. I was surprised by an outburst of unanimous agreement. 'Then you think Mary was wrong not to have helped her sister?' I said. 'Oh yes,' was again the unanimous reply. 'And yet Mary seems to have been commended for her action,' I said. They admitted this, but said that to them it was a real difficulty. This set me thinking, and I venture to put down the result of my thoughts for the consideration of others.

The passage is as follows (Lk 10³⁸⁻⁴²): 'Now during their journeyings (ἐνδε τῷ πορεύεσθαι αὐτοὺς) he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house.'

It was the time of the Feast of Tabernacles, and the house would be the open leafy booth which, according to the law, was the dwelling-place for the week.

'And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving' (περιεσπᾶτο), was drawn about in different directions, distracted.

The booth would probably be in the court, and as Martha moved to and fro during her busy preparations she would see her sister sitting in rapt attention, heedless of all that was going on.

Jesus was an honoured guest. Martha would spare no pains to do him honour, but she got no help from her sister. At last her patience was exhausted.

'She came up and said' (ἐπιστᾶσα; the word

perhaps denotes some impatience), 'Lord, dost thou not care that my sister keeps leaving me to serve alone?' The tense expresses the continuance of the neglect. The word implies that Mary had not helped from the first. She had left her altogether in the lurch.

'And Jesus answered and said, Martha, Martha' (the repetition of the name implying affectionate concern), 'thou art in a bustle about many things; but one thing is needful.' I cannot think that the interpretation *one course is sufficient* satisfactory, though it has the support of the R.V. Margin, of Plummer ('Inter. Crit. Com.'), and more guardedly of Alford. I would rather favour the view that our Lord is referring to the Bread of life, the food of the soul, and that this is the good part which Mary chose, and which should not be taken away from her.

On the question whether Mary should have first helped her sister, the Lord pronounces no opinion, but He seizes the opportunity to impress upon the over-anxious Martha the importance of the true proportion in life between the temporal and the spiritual, and that over-anxiety about the former results in undue depreciation of the latter, which is the more important of the two. May we take the view that both sisters made mistakes?

On the one hand, Martha forgot the spiritual in her eager anxiety for the temporal; on the other, Mary in her desire for the spiritual neglected an obvious duty in the temporal.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, no commentator takes this view; but I am indebted to a friend for these two quotations from St. Theresa:

1. 'To give our Lord perfect hospitality Mary and Martha must combine.'

2. 'Martha was a true saint though she did not achieve contemplation. What more could one wish than to have Christ often in one's house, to serve Him and to sit at His very table? Had Martha been rapt like Mary, who would have given the Lord to eat?' MORLEY STEVENSON.

Warrington Training College.

A Study in Christology.

IN Dr. Relton's book, as noticed in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for May, I find myself included in an honourable company to which I do not

belong, namely, amongst those who have advocated what is commonly known as the doctrine of the *Kenosis*, which is now said to be largely 'withdrawn.' In anything I have written on the subject of the Incarnation I have adversely criticised that doctrine and decisively rejected it. The *Kenosis* I have advocated is not a temporal but an eternal one in view of Creation itself—the Incarnation of God in Christ being the result of an increasing process of Divine self-realization in the human form. I have argued, in *The Spirit and the Incarnation*, that 'God was *never* absent from the world so that He needed at some moment of Time to come into it. (As we read in St. John's Gospel, of the *Logos*, "He was in the world, and the world through Him came into being"). He was always there and progressively entering it more and more fully as forms were present for His reception. But God is, above all, Ethical Being—Holy Love—and it was the Divine ethical self-giving or self-impartation that reached its culmination and highest manifestation in Christ.' God, as the Ethical Being that He is, could appear as man only as the result of an ethical and spiritual process in humanity, conceived in His own image. Thus only could the *character* of God find expression in human form. Divine Sonship was the Ideal of the world's life, and this was realized in Christ as the result of, not merely natural, but spiritual, working; and it was realized in Him for all.

W. L. WALKER.

Garelochhead.

Romans i. 4.

MOST commentators find ambiguity in the words τοῦ ὀρισθέντος Υἱοῦ Θεοῦ κ.τ.λ. 'Defined' (Light-foot), 'designated' (Sanday), 'installed' are renderings proposed. Denney and Sanday say that the exact meaning of ὀρισθέντος as applied to our Lord must be determined from the general tenor of St. Paul's teaching about His Person and Office, as found in such passages as Ph 2^{5f}, etc.

A little light on the question appears to be shed by the fact that St. Paul in Ro 1¹ uses a compound of this verb, and applies it to his own case. He himself is κλητὸς ἀπόστολος, ἀφωρισμένος εἰς εὐαγγέλιον, i.e. from all other men he has been separated, appointed and designated as a σκένος ἐκλογῆς (Ac 9¹⁵). While ἀφορίζειν has something

of the *sub specie aeternitatis* element in its meaning, it is never in the N.T. applied to our Lord. Alike in the Eternal Counsel and in the evolution of Time, He stands alone. In His case there is no question of an election from other possible candidates, and the distinction between the eternal 'appointment' and the temporal 'designation' disappear. It would seem as though the shades of difference which trouble the commentators were not present at all in the mind of the apostle.

R. WINBOULT HARDING.

Cambridge.

Proverbs of Oriental Wisdom.

NOT the least interesting feature in Dr. George M. Mackie's article on 'Proverbs of Oriental Wisdom,' in the May number of your journal, is that practically one-third of the aphorisms it contains are to be found in the Talmud. I am giving the references of those that readily occur to my mind. I am using the wording and order given by your contributor, though in some instances the sayings are not quite in accord with the Talmudic citations.

Accursed is he who drinks from a fountain, and then fills it up with stones.—Baba Kama, 92b.

Birds always alight among those of their own species.—*Ibid.*, cited from Ben Sira.

It is better to be the last among lions than the first among foxes.—Aboth, 4. 15.

A man is a neighbour to himself.—Sanhedrim, 9b.

All blessings of the home come from the wife.—Bab. Mezia, 59a.

If the fox become king bow down before him.—Megilla, 16b.

Two coins make more noise in a bag than a hundred.—Baba Mezia, 85b.

Sell one article and the world will call you a merchant.—Baba Mezia, 40b.

He who has taught me a letter has made me his slave.—Aboth, 6. 3.

Instruction in youth . . . in age . . .—Aboth, 4. 25.

The doctor who gives medicine for nothing does nothing with it.—Baba Kama, 85a (see below).

He whom men love is beloved of God.—Aboth, 3. 10.

Do not despise any man, or consider anything impossible, for everyone has his time, and everything has its place.—Aboth, 4. 3.

You will avoid evil if you remember three things: where you came from, whither you are going, and before whom you will be judged.—Aboth, 3. 1.

Worship is not the raising of the voice in prayer, but the uplifting of the soul to heaven.—Ber. 24b.

Teach your tongue to say, 'I don't know.'—Beraḥoth, 4a.

Hospitality is a part of divine service.—Jer. Erubin, 5. 1.

Don't go to an auction if you have nothing to spend.—Pesahim, 112b.

He who increases his flesh increases food for worms.—Aboth, 2. 7.

Silence is the wall that surrounds wisdom.—Aboth, 3. 13.

He who eats and drinks without thanking God deserves the punishment of a thief.—Beraḥoth, 35b.

The good deeds that you do in this life take on personality and follow you in the next.—Aboth, 7. 9.

I have not given references of the one or two Biblical phrases, and have refrained from pointing out some deviations from the Talmudic texts, through which the pointedness and symmetry of the sayings are by no means improved. But an exception must be made in one case. The proverb:

The doctor who gives medicine for nothing does nothing with it

is given in the Talmud (Baba Kama, 85a) as:

אִסִּיא דַּמֶּנ מִנְּ (כַּמֶּנ) שׁוּיָה.

Now the verb שׁוּי has the double meaning of 'to be worth' and 'to do.' Here it should obviously be rendered according to the former:

The doctor who gives medicine for nothing is worth nothing,

while in your contributor's version it has been given the latter meaning. It would therefore be highly interesting to know whether the variation is due to a mistranslation of the Talmudic text or to some other cause.

It may be mentioned in conclusion that the

Tractat Aboth, to which several of the above sayings are traced, and which contains a store of others, is easily accessible to English readers, as it is contained, together with the appendix forming the 'sixth chapter,' in the *Authorised Prayer Book*, ed. Singer, pp. 184-209 (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 1s.).

A. MISHCON.

Brixton Synagogue, London.

Genesis xxvii. 30.

A.V., R.V., 'And Jacob was yet scarce gone out.'

עָלָה יַעֲקֹב מִצָּרַף.

καὶ ἐγένετο ὡς ἐξῆλθεν Ἰακώβ.

Vulgate: 'et egresso Jacob foras.'

It is questionable whether A.V. and R.V. are right. This passage and Jg 7¹⁹ are the only ones referred to in *Oxf. Heb. Lex.* (36^a), out of 159 occurrences of יָצָא, for its use as an adverb of *time*. As Jacob had brought food (of course in a dish) and wine (implying a cup, and possibly a skin or jar, 21²⁵) he would either leave or remove the dish and cup, etc. But, when Esau arrived, he saw no trace of the recent meal; his father had to tell him. The usual meanings *altogether, utterly, completely, thoroughly*, suit the context better (Dt 16¹⁵ 28²⁹, Is 16⁷ 19¹¹, Jer 16¹⁹ 32³⁰, Hos 12¹², Job 19¹³). And the use of the emphatic or intensive construction of participle and finite verb יָצָא יָצָא supports this view. Ps 40¹, 'I earnestly, patiently waited,' and in the N.T., Lk 22¹⁵, 'I most earnestly desired,' are two instances of this construction out of many. The narrator did not wish to point out that Esau entered his father's presence *very* soon after Jacob left it, but that Jacob had *completely* left it, carefully leaving no trace behind, from which Esau could guess what he had done.

Nor is the other passage (Jg 7¹⁹) repugnant to this. The guard had *finished* their round, setting the fresh sentries at each post. There is therefore no ground for taking יָצָא as an adverb of *time*, in *two* occurrences out of 159.

GEORGE FARMER.

Wellesley House, Walmer.

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works, and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street, Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.